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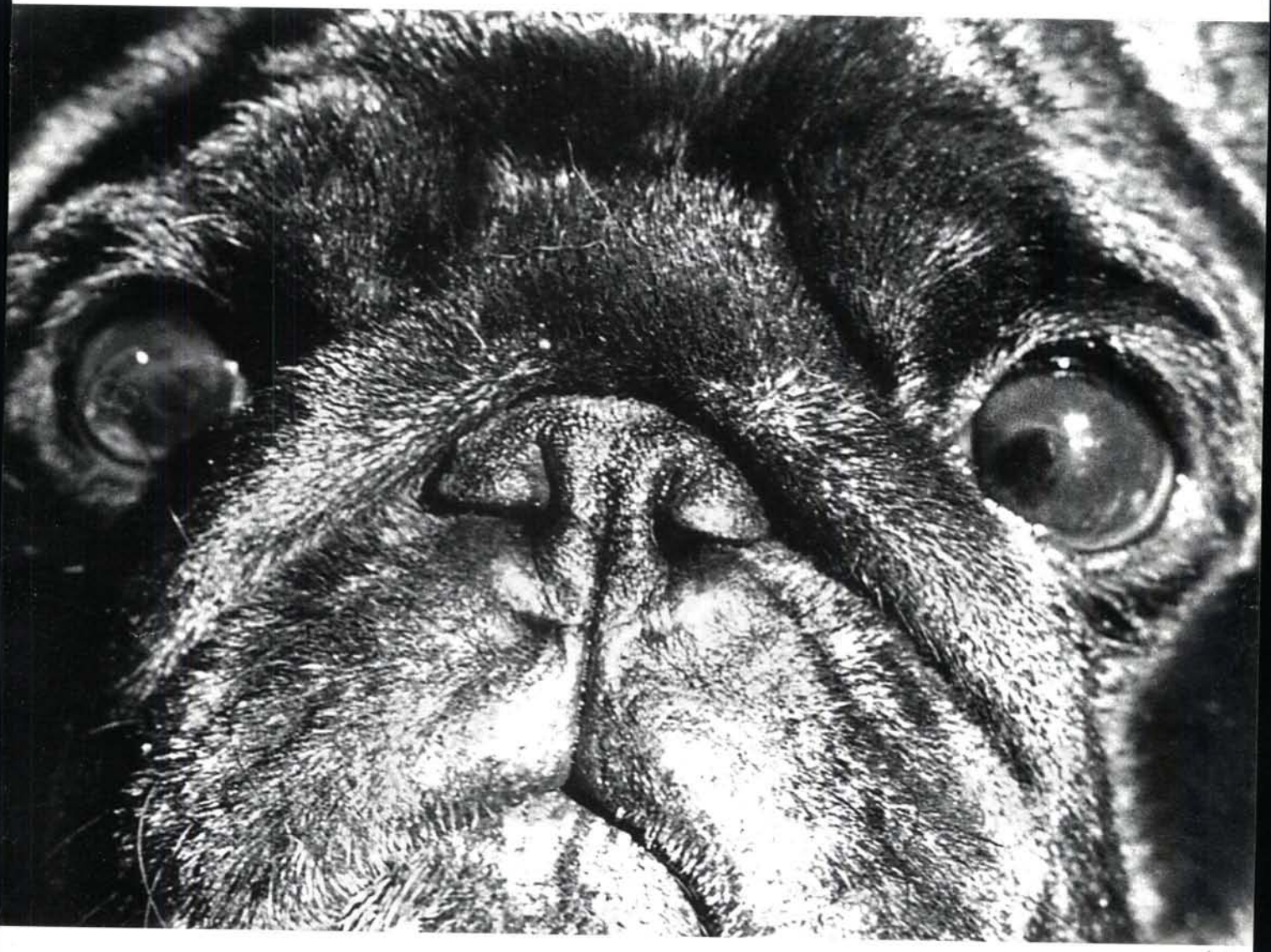

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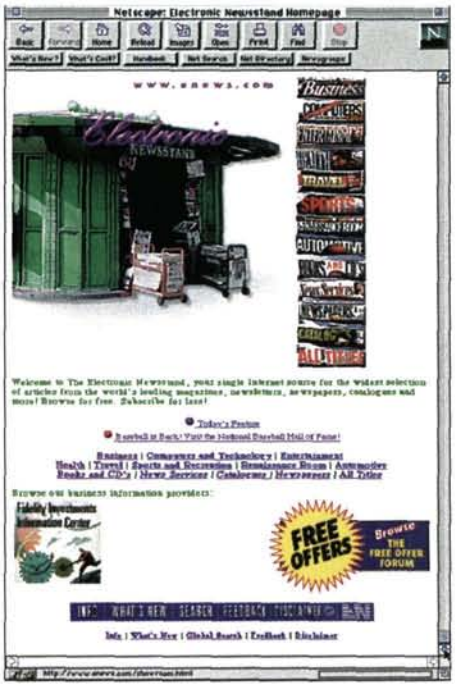

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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JULY 10, 1995

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CORRESPONDENCE

Fundamental errors

To the editors:

When I finished reading Steven Emerson's "The Other Fundamentalists" (June 12), I was left with one conclusion: you must have run out of topics to allow Emerson seven pages of your elite publication to espouse his superfluous rhetoric on Islamic fundamentalists.

Emerson quoted former FBI official "Buck" Revell as saying, "There's no doubt that these two groups are Hamas fronts," when referring to the Holy Land Foundation and the IAP. I called Revell, and he denied making the statement. He said, "I have never mentioned anything about the Holy Land Foundation in specific."

In another part of his article, Emerson names "Ibrahim Mahmoud Muzzayin" as the director of the Holy Land Foundation. No one by that name is, or has been, director of the Holy Land Foundation.

Emerson also places the Holy Land Foundation office in a "nondescript shopping mall." In fact, it is located in an office park across the street from the headquarters of a major telecommunications company and is surrounded by many large corporate offices.

Emerson is not credible as a journalist. He offers a one-sided, negative, sensational view that he knows is sure to capture the attention of like elements of his readership. Such attempts to incite the rage of Americans who depend on journalists to keep them informed of matters that are relevant to them is inexcusably reprehensible.

SHUKRI ABUBAKER
Executive director, Holy Land Foundation
Richardson, Texas

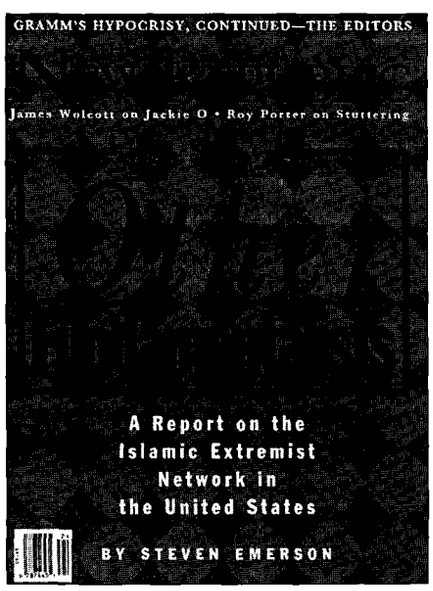
Steven Emerson replies:

In a conversation June 19, Revell told me he stands by his statement: "I reaffirm what I told you: Based on my analysis of the information and extensive documents that you have collected, there is no doubt that these two groups are Hamas fronts and work in support of Hamas. What I told Abu-Baker was that my assessment was based on materials you had collected and not on independent FBI materials, which I am not allowed to discuss." IRS and HLF records and videotapes state clearly that Ibrahim Mahmoud Muzzayin and Abu-Baker have consistently changed their English-language spellings from document to document. In the 1989 Occupied Land Fund's IRS tax filing, before the group changed its name to the Holy Land Foundation, "Mohammad El Mezayen" was listed as president and "Shukri A. Baker" as secretary. The December 1993 HLF newsletter states, "*chairman* Mohamed El-Mezain undertook a . . . trip to Brazil." An HLF fundraising letter railing about "Jewish emigration" to Palestine is signed "M. Elmezayen" with a title of "chairman." At an October 1994 Hamas rally in Chicago, Sheik Mohammed Muzzayin was introduced as "head" of the HLF.

Greasy poll

To the editors:

In his article "Rabble Rousing" (June 12), Charles Lane cites the president's


GRAMM'S HYPOCRISY, CONTINUED—THE EDITORS
James Wolcott on Jackie O • Roy Porter on Stuttering
A Report on the Islamic Extremist Network in the United States
BY STEVEN EMERSON

reference to our poll, which found that the public's average estimate of foreign aid spending as a percentage of the federal budget is 18 percent and that the average view is that it should be 8 percent, while the actual amount is 1 percent. Lane argues that the poll can be interpreted to mean that "whatever we actually do spend . . . the public wants to cut it by half."

A complete reading of the poll report does not support this interpretation. Yes, 64 percent of respondents said they wanted to cut foreign aid. But when, much later in the questionnaire, they were told that the United States spends 1 percent of the budget on foreign aid, only 35 percent said they wanted to cut it. When we broke out the ten different areas of the foreign aid budget and told respondents how much money goes to each area, strong majorities wanted to maintain or increase spending for each area, with the exception of aid to Israel and Egypt and military aid. It does appear that the desire to cut foreign aid is largely predicated on an extreme overestimation of the amount spent on foreign aid and that most Americans do not have an urge to cut foreign aid irrespective of the actual amount.

STEVEN KULL
Director, Program on International Policy Attitudes
Washington, D.C.

Porn again

To the editors:

I think you may be right. Phil Gramm probably is "profoundly amoral, committed only to his own political advancement, ruthless in getting his way and untrustworthy in accounting for his actions" ("The Porn Broker, Continued," The Editors, June 12). He does, as you say, have a major character problem.

It might be nice if he gets the Republican nomination, though. The general election would then feature two candidates of equal stature in that department.

ERIC V. CHUBB
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

Your June 12 editorial on Phil Gramm asked, "Is he someone we should even consider electing to the presidency?" Reading those words, I couldn't help thinking about the presidential campaign three years ago when your magazine came to pretty much the same conclusion about Bill Clinton's character, yet ran a cover picture of him with a banner saying, "Will He Do?" Since when did you folks get religion?

DAVID MCKISSACK
Blacksburg, Virginia

No-nos

To the editors:

Ruth Shalit ("Wild Child," June 12) should get her reasoning in gear. Gina Grant was not denied Harvard matriculation because she murdered her mother; she's paid society's bill for that. She was denied because she lied on her admission form. Lying is a no-no. Apparently lying is permissible at Tufts.

WILLIAM ALLIN STORRER
Linden, New Jersey

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

German Lesson: Make High School Grades Count

This week's guest columnist is Norman Wetterau, a physician who practices medicine in Nunda, New York. Dr. Wetterau's article originally appeared in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* on May 4, 1995. It is reprinted with that paper's permission.

High school grades in the United States have almost no value except if the student is applying to certain selective colleges.

Recent articles point out that European students study more and do much better on certain standardized exams than American students. During the past six years, my family has visited Germany twice and hosted three German exchange students for a year each. One major difference between the German and American educational systems...is the way in which industry views the student's education and grades.

In Germany, each person always carries a card with his or her high school grades and must show it to employers during the job application process. High school grades are considered important in hiring, even if the person has been out of school for a number of years.

High school grades in the United States have almost no value except if the student is applying to certain selective colleges. Most employers hiring someone just out of high school do not ask to see a high school transcript or references from teachers. Generally, all that is checked is whom the student knows or where the student has worked.

Here's a typical scenario: Student A had a good school attendance record and a 90 average but had no job during high school. Student B worked at a fast-food chain, frequently missed school and had a 67 average, but a good recommendation from the 22-year-old assistant manager of that fast-food chain. Student B probably would get a better job or be admitted to an industrial training program more easily. As far as Student A goes, the employer would be unlikely to know what his or her grades were or to seek school recommendations. Students know this and so prefer to earn money and buy a car rather than study.

Grades are important in admission to certain selective colleges, but any student can get into some colleges regardless of his or her grades. I have known students with averages above 90 who were unable to attend college due to the cost. I also have known those who never studied, quit school, eventually got their GED, then received a full scholarship plus living expenses from the state. I am not saying we shouldn't help these students, but students who do well should also receive assistance.

In Germany, any student who graduates from a college preparatory high school (gymnasium) is able to attend college essentially tuition free. The gymnasium school is more demanding than the American high school, requiring many hours of study daily. But students know that if they master the work, they will be able to continue their education regardless of their financial situation and employers will always be aware of their level of competence.

American businesses say they want better schools, but their lack of involvement and the fact that they do not think grades matter undermines our schools. They say that grades do not determine who will do well on the job, but then they complain that American young people do not know math and cannot write. You cannot have it both ways. If you want math and writing skills, ask to see math and English grades.

I believe that American business has written off our high schools. The students realize this, so they have also written off their education. Why not play and enjoy yourself since it makes no difference anyway?

I recommend a meeting of business, industry and education leaders in our area. Let business and industry outline what they want the students to learn and how it will be measured. Then offer that program to those students who do not plan to attend college. In turn, our businesses and industries would agree to hire students based on how they have done in this program. Students would quickly get the idea that performance in high school counts, even if they do not go on to college.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

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FROM WASHINGTON

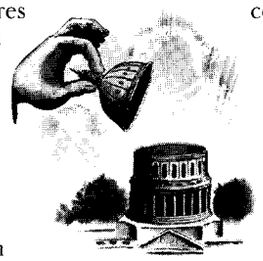
Chaos theory

There is some evidence that severe storms have grown more common in recent decades, and there are several theories as to why. One theory—recently espoused at a congressional hearing by Robert Fletcher of the Montana Militia—holds that the federal government is using "weather-control techniques" to kill millions of people. Another theory, favored by noted clergyman Pat Robertson, is that violent storms are a sign of the approaching apocalypse. A third theory comes from the Worldwatch Institute: storms are intensified by the global warming thought to result from carbon dioxide and other "greenhouse gases." According to the periodical *Energy Report*, conservative critics of the Worldwatch theory find it "inflammatory and unproven." Um, compared to what?

Clearly, this is a case where different theoretical perspectives imply different policy prescriptions. If the Worldwatch theory is right, nations should constrain their output of greenhouse gases. Then again, nations have already promised to do that—at the Earth Summit of 1992—and some nations (including ours) aren't keeping their promise. So maybe the answer is to put teeth in the pact—say, minor sanctions for nations that renege. But from Robertson's or Fletcher's perspective, this policy would mean a tragic loss of national sovereignty. Gas emissions are a very personal thing, and for America to lose any degree of control over them would be to surrender to the tyranny of the New World Order.

Misguided as this hypernationalism may seem, there's no denying how beautifully it fits into Pat Robertson's overall program. First he uses climate chaos as a recruiting device, amassing money and power by calling it a sign of the apocalypse. Then he uses the money and power to decry policies that might reduce the chaos and forestall the apocalypse. Talk about a self-fulfilling prophecy! And this goes well beyond the weather. The Apocalypse Now newsreels on Robertson's TV show feature roller-coaster currency markets, simmering trade wars, the sinister Ebola virus. Yet, if such threats can be tamed at all, they'll probably be tamed by global agents of the sort Robertson demonizes—the International Monetary Fund, the World Trade Organization, the World Health Organization. (The WHO may sound harmless, but as an arm of the United Nations, it is, by Robertson's logic, literally a tool of the Antichrist.)

Among presidential candidates, the truest representative of the Robertson (and Fletcher) worldview is Pat Buchanan. Buchanan yields to no one on the issue of red-blooded American values, and he was sardonically using the phrase "New World Order" before that was cool. His Catholicism, of course, isn't Robertson's cup of tea, but he does warn of a future nearly as dire as the one Robertson sees. And he shares the Robertsonesque pattern of feeding the chaos he feeds off of.



For example, Buchanan frets about hordes of swarthy Mexicans streaming northward ("the greatest invasion in history"); but he opposed NAFTA, which promised to slow the stream by boosting Mexican employment. NAFTA, he said, would help low-wage Mexican workers steal American jobs; yet when the peso crisis sent Mexican wages plummeting (in spite of NAFTA, not because of it), thus deepening this threat, he opposed the loan package that promised to bolster the peso without costing the U.S. a cent (so far it has worked). One problem Buchanan had with this package was that the U.S. shouldered a large share of any risk of default ("the looting of America on behalf of the new world order"). Well, last week's G-7 summit yielded a plan to more widely spread such burdens via a new IMF emergency loan fund that would help nations facing a temporary liquidity crisis, thus preventing chain-reaction defaults that could reach America. I don't recommend waiting for Buchanan's endorsement of this scheme, hatched by a cabal of financial elites and empowering the IMF's "faceless foreign bureaucrats."

Buchanan's symbiotic relationship with turmoil is most vivid in Japan. President Clinton's brinksmanship with luxury-car tariffs is bad enough; even if his ploy "works," he has damaged the WTO and its ability to help America in the future. But at least with Clinton the tariffs are surgical in scope and are meant as a bargaining chip. Buchanan wants to levy a 10 percent tariff on *every Japanese good*—not to get specific concessions but as a long-term source of revenue. This would assuredly bring Japanese retaliation that would cost American jobs. The retaliation would then ratchet up American wrath toward Japan, and the whole thing would roil financial markets. All of which is ideal; the messier and more hostile the world looks, the better for Buchanan (or Robertson, or Fletcher).

I'm not saying this is a conscious strategy. I don't give Buchanan that much credit. Presumably, he genuinely fails to grasp a basic trajectory of recent history: the growing dependence of each nation's welfare on the welfare of other nations, the growing idiocy of ignoring events beyond our borders. Russia is loaded with nuclear weapons and nutcake nationalists, but Buchanan would make no concerted effort to keep a war in central Europe from spinning out of control or to deter future wars. Environmental degradation proceeds apace, but Buchanan derides environmental summits (they're sponsored by "beads and sandals international"). The ingredients and recipes for chemical, biological and nuclear weapons proliferate, but the remedy is no doubt anathema to him; to open our borders to international inspection—in exchange for other nations doing the same—would be to lose sovereignty. Besides, the whole idea of a weapons treaty helping all parties is incomprehensible to Buchanan. In all arms talks, he says, we must seek "advantage and victory for the United States."

All of these problems, from turbulent financial markets to weapons proliferation, are a bit like global warming. The point isn't that international action is without cost, or is sure to work, or brings no loss of sovereignty whatsoever. It's just that doing nothing is fairly likely to bring a fairly bad outcome and somewhat likely to bring a terrible outcome.

Buchanan sees the future of American politics as a struggle "between New Age globalists and old-fashioned patriots." Give him credit for identifying, however snidely, a fault line in both parties as currently aligned—and for knowing which side he's on. Robertson, meanwhile, sees the struggle as between goodness and the Antichrist. Well, I'm all for dramatic metaphors; the question is which side of the struggle is which. I don't know my eschatology well enough to say for *sure* that the WHO or the Worldwatch Institute isn't the Antichrist (and, granted, Worldwatch's phone number does end in 999—666 inverted). But I note that *Encyclopedia Britannica* describes the Antichrist as a "worker of wonders and a seducer" who "pitches the world into moral confusion and physical chaos." Your call.

ROBERT WRIGHT

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 10, 1995

FORGET YELTSIN

For the second straight summit, Boris Yeltsin has sat next to Bill Clinton and lied about Chechnya. In Moscow last May, he claimed that there was no war in Chechnya, only a Russian police action to disarm a few bandits. In Nova Scotia last week, Yeltsin roared that Chechnya was "the center of world terrorism, of bribery and corruption and mafia," whose rebel leader, Dzhokar Dudayev, was finding political asylum in Turkey. "My friend Bill" supported his effort to crush the revolt, Yeltsin said, whereupon the otherwise mute president interjected that that wasn't quite true. The president's correction was welcome; but his entire Russia policy is what needs correcting.

After the bloody debacle in Budyonnovsk, where elite Russian soldiers twice failed to liberate hostages seized by Chechen insurgents, can anyone still defend the idealization of Boris Yeltsin? Of what, exactly, is Clinton's hero still capable? The problem isn't just Yeltsin's buffoonishness, or even his political ineptitude (which was made crushingly evident by his decamping to Halifax while a Russian town was under siege). The problem is that the volatile Russian state seems leaderless. Russia has become a country with a lot of trouble at the bottom and a lot of nothing at the top. This reality, of course, flies in the face of the upbeat talk the administration has been feeding us (and, worse, itself) about its "partner."

The failed raids on the hospital in Budyonnovsk, though legitimate in principle, came after so little earnest negotiation, and were so poorly planned and executed, that they turned a propaganda windfall for Yeltsin into a repudiation of his leadership. The Duma has voted "no confidence" in him; power seems instead to be gravitating to Viktor Chernomyrdin, the prime minister who negotiated an end to the hostage crisis. The Chechen act of terror in Budyonnovsk was also the unsurprising consequence of Yeltsin's acts of terror in Chechnya. The Clinton administration has been singularly unable to describe this war for what it is, preferring instead to shrink it to the size of an "internal Russian affair" and then to "deplore" it. Internal or not, however, the war in Chechnya gave the lie to the Russian government.

Not that the administration is responsible for Yeltsin's malfeasance. Quite the contrary: without aid from the United States and its Western allies, the Russian state might have collapsed altogether. Still, we are deceiving ourselves, and Russia, in our Russia policy. We have been treating Russia as the other half of a nascent, momentous, world-ordering partnership. We have been conflating Yeltsin with democracy. We have been feeling Yeltsin's pain and worrying that we might bruise him, and so we have been conferring upon him a wholly unmerited influence on American foreign policy that interferes with the pursuit of our values and our interests. In the Balkans, we have watched the Russians intrigue with the Serbs, and in the Gulf we have watched them intrigue with Iran and Iraq, and retorted wanly.

If Yeltsin falls, it will not be because we get tough with him; and if he falls, it will not be the fall of democracy in Russia. Russia is not a country that is stabilizing, much less a great power worthy of occupying the same moral and political plane as the United States. It is a ruin: a ruin with nuclear weapons, but a ruin. Its society is dazed, its economy is erratic, its politics is without a firm principle of legitimacy.

But what is the alternative to Yeltsin? Good question, and the Clinton administration's favorite question. With this question, the administration believes that it disarms criticism. But the question has an answer. The alternative to Yeltsin is, firstly, genuine democratization, which will take time. (How often does the White House consult with our more natural allies in Russia, such as Grigory Yavlinsky or Sergei Kovalyov?) The alternative to Yeltsin is, secondly, the truth; and the truth is that the cold war is over, which means that the primacy of the Kremlin is over, which means that the United States has no strategic counterpart on a global scale, which means that the United States had better screw up its courage and *lead.* •

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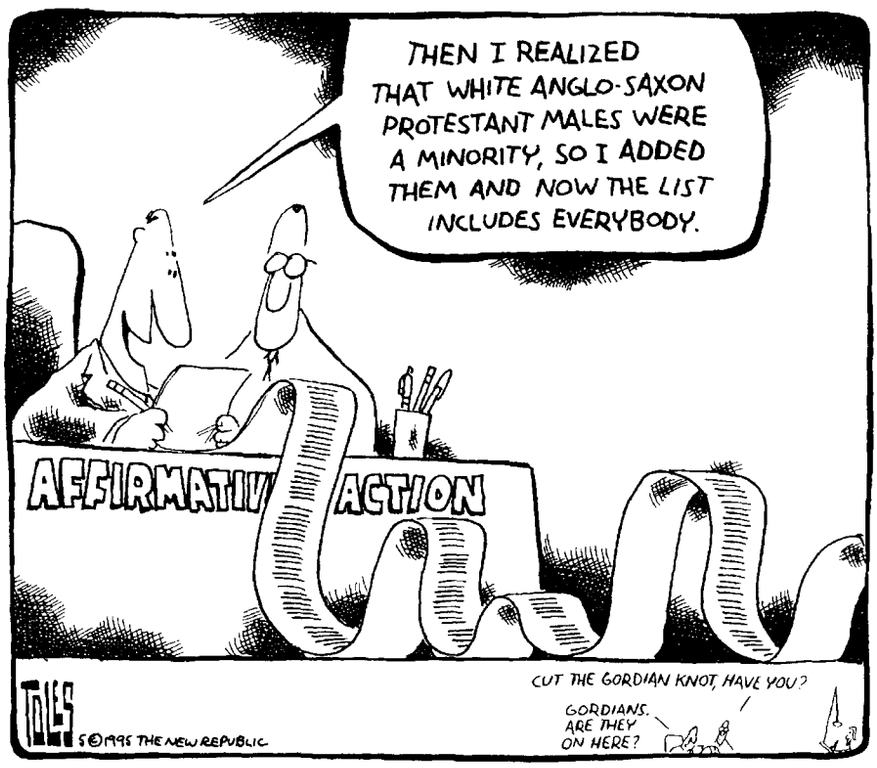
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: Erik Tiekling of New York Mills, Minnesota, won $500 in the Great American Think-Off with his argument that society values money over morality.... Eager to fill vacant jail beds, Sheriff Weldon Lucas mailed brochures advertising the Denton County, Texas, facilities to twenty-seven states.... Police in Manning, Iowa, arrested three men after they attempted to steal an automatic teller machine from a supermarket using a logging chain and stolen truck.... Patricia Tanzi from Patterson, New York, collected $16,000 in insurance after burying her car thirteen feet deep in the backyard and then reporting it stolen.... Authorities in Washington, D.C., began examining allegations by Brentwood, Maryland, resident Avery Adams that he was coerced to register in the District and vote for Mayor Marion Barry.... A police officer in Baltimore, Maryland, was penalized with three years probation for discharging his gun after two women refused his advances.... Denying any charges of wrongdoing, the makers of LIPOtrim pills and ChewLites gum refunded more than $100,000 to customers whom officials believe were defrauded into thinking the products would stimulate weight loss.... Manhattan Federal Judge John Keenan overturned the conviction of alleged drug trafficker Dale Tippins, ruling that Tippins's Sixth Amendment right to effective legal counsel was violated when his attorney fell asleep for significant portions of the trial.


THEN I REALIZED THAT WHITE ANGLO-SAXON PROTESTANT MALES WERE A MINORITY, SO I ADDED THEM AND NOW THE LIST INCLUDES EVERYBODY.
AFFIRMATIVE ACTION
TOLES ©1995 THE NEW REPUBLIC
CUT THE GORDIAN KNOT, HAVE YOU?
GORDIANS. ARE THEY ON HERE?

FREE AT LAST: Justice David Souter's unanimous opinion upholding the right of the Boston St. Patrick's Day parade organizers to exclude the Irish-American Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Group of Boston is an occasion for the friends of free expression to parade in the streets. It clearly and eloquently reaffirms "the fundamental rule of protection under the First Amendment, that a speaker has the autonomy to choose the content of his own message," and it resurrects the classic paradigm of the street-corner speaker, "free from interference by the State based on the content of what he says." But it's distressing to recall how many Boston worthies were willing to ignore the most basic First Amendment principles as the case made its way up to the Supreme Court. In a chillingly illiberal opinion, applauded by *The Boston Globe* and affirmed by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, a Boston trial judge ordered the parade to admit the gay marchers in 1993. "Inclusiveness should be the hallmark of [a] parade," the judge declared. How sad that it took two years and nine Supreme Court justices to remind the birthplace of Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. about the meaning of free speech.

GEORGIA ON MY MIND: In a June 21 op-ed in *The New York Times*, Hillary Rodham Clinton makes the case for preserving the National Endowment for the Arts. Cutting the NEA, the First Lady frets, will hurt children. "I find it ironic that those who talk the loudest about America's loss of civility, character and values (particularly those arising from Western civilization) are often the first to recommend obliterating the agencies responsible for promoting ... arts programs that make Sophocles, Shakespeare, Mozart and O'Keefe [sic] available to our children." Now, let's play a game: Which of these artists is not like the others? Which of these artists just doesn't belong? (Hint: the answer isn't Mozart.) Clinton has a point about Republican hypocrisy, but her nod to diversity is a bit awkward. Georgia O'Keeffe? Mommy, those don't look like any flowers I've ever seen....

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE:

Caffeine gives you a quick buzz

—*The Austin American-Statesman*, June 13

(Thanks to Gavin R. Villareal of Austin, Texas.)

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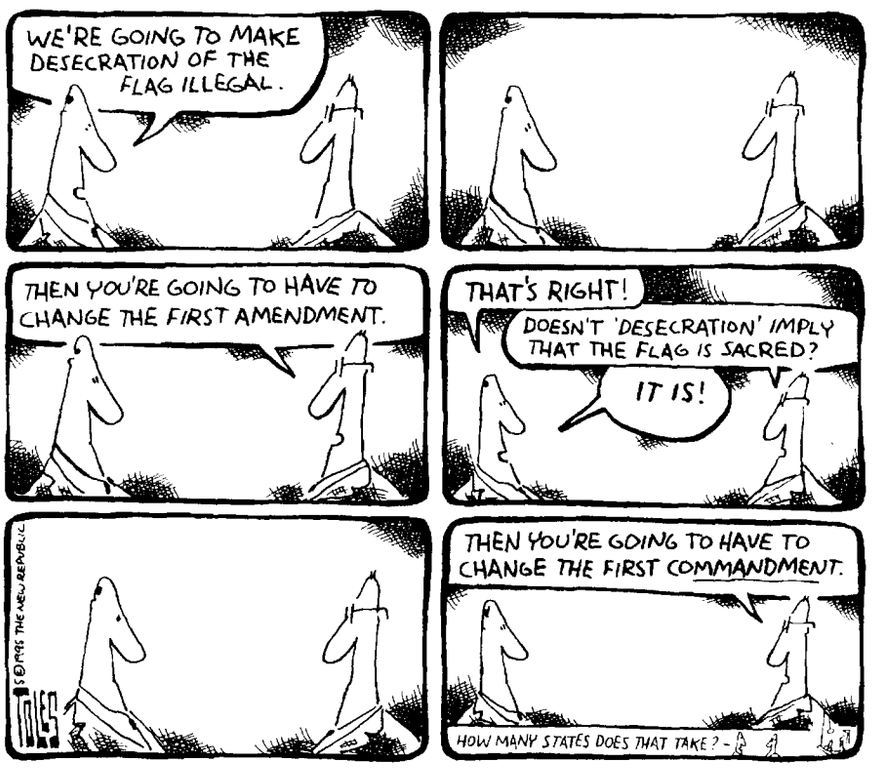
CIVICS 101:

Republican Primaries To Determine Who Will Face Democrats In November Election

—*Sun Gazette*, June 8
(Thanks to David Genser of Vienna, Virginia)

STERLING PROSE: For nearly fifty years Claire Sterling, who died last week in Italy at age 76, wrote that rare kind of journalism on which historians are confident and right to rely. Her career spanned the post-World War II world, from the reconstruction of Europe to the breakup of the Soviet Union into warring states and feuding peoples. But she saw beyond politics to what political reporters often do not see: great human dramas and gruesome official cruelties. When she boarded a ship with the Jewish remnant from Nazism running the blockade to Palestine, and they were intercepted and interned on Cyprus, what Sterling wrote about the episode captured at once the romance of Zionism and the callousness of British foreign policy. Mostly in magazine articles, but also in books, she covered the last colonial wars of Africa, the internationalization of crime, the use by Communist states of terror and terrorists as routine, almost casual, instruments of politics. She was among the first, however, to grasp that these regimes would not survive. In 1968, after the Prague Spring in Czechoslovakia, she had seen the Red Army throttle the last effort somehow to humanize state socialism. This experience riveted her attention on the Communist coup in that country two decades earlier. From her investigations came the definitive account, *The Masaryk Case*, of the assassination of the Czech foreign minister, a defining moment in the early history of the cold war. Claire Sterling was brave, relentless, scrupulous and unsurprisable. We were honored to have had her in our pages.


WE'RE GOING TO MAKE DESECRATION OF THE FLAG ILLEGAL.
THEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE THE FIRST AMENDMENT.
THAT'S RIGHT!
DOESN'T 'DESECRATION' IMPLY THAT THE FLAG IS SACRED?
IT IS!
THEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.
HOW MANY STATES DOES THAT TAKE?
TOLES
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THE DECLINE OF ONE (REPEAT, ONE) AFRICAN AMERICAN INTELLECTUAL: Last week a new black organization was created in Houston. It is called the National African American Leadership Summit, and it was created by the Reverend Benjamin Chavis, to continue the separatist and racialist work that the NAACP would not allow him to continue. The star of the meeting was the Reverend Louis Farrakhan. According to a report by Douglas Feiden in the *Forward*, membership in the NAALS is restricted, in the words of a draft of its charter, to "Africans and African Americans only." The books on sale at the event included *The Jews and Their Lies*, *The Depravity of the Modern American Jew*, *The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews*, and other crummy classics of modern anti-Semitism. And there, in the midst of this defiant ugliness, was Cornel West, who was feeling a little defensive about his endorsement of a group that, as he admitted to the reporter, "doesn't have a lot of time for black-white, black-red, black-yellow or black-Jewish alliances." "Look," said the healer and social democrat, "I'm not a black nationalist or separatist, but the common focus here is on black suffering and black pain, and the common truth is black folk are catching hell in America today." *All* black folk? But that is hardly the point. Every word of West's extenuation of his presence at a meeting of the NAALS could be used to defend the participation of, say, a Jewish editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC at a meeting of the Jewish Defense League—has there been no Jewish suffering and no Jewish pain?—except that the participation of such an individual in such an event would be disgusting, and it would roundly be declared, by "progressives" especially, to be so.

BOOKS OF STEEL: We're proud to announce that contributing editor Ronald Steel has recently published a new book, *Temptations of a Superpower* (Harvard University Press). •

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Clinton gets budget religion (again).

KINDER CUTS

By Matthew Miller

No sooner had President Clinton punctuated his prime-time call for a balanced budget with an upbeat "Let's get to work," than House Democrats did just that, excoriating him for everything from ineptitude to betrayal in tones normally heard between spouses on the eve of divorce. "He bought the Republican plan; all he's done is change the numbers," Representative Pete Stark of California groused, upset that the president's proposed Medicare and Medicaid savings pulled the rug out from promising Democratic attacks on such GOP cuts. Republicans, meanwhile, after making the obligatory noises of welcome, insisted that, while it was nice to have the president ratifying their direction, his numbers didn't add up and it was too late for him to have a say, anyway. Was it as idiotic and ill-timed as all that?

Nonsense. Clinton's new plan, unveiled against the weight of internal advice, represents political inspiration. With Clinton on the sidelines, June was shaping up to be an uninterrupted media chorus hailing Republicans for their gutsiness as they finished their budget blueprint. Clinton's sudden call for balance killed any chance Republicans had to etch images of their courage and his irrelevancy into public consciousness.

Clinton is also now inoculated against blame if he chooses, for whatever reason, to veto a Republican budget in the shadow of the feared government "shutdown" this fall. Clinton will plausibly be able to claim, as a prelude to this year's inevitable budget summit, that he laid out his priorities and urged cooperation, but that the Republicans stonewalled.

Most important, Clinton's action means that the big goal, balance, is now a simple stipulation rather than a difference between the parties; the open question is how to get there. This finally lets Democrats credibly assail Republican budget tradeoffs. Under Republican plans, after all, the IRS will continue to pick up half the tab for corporate meals and entertainment, but thousands of poor kids must give up *their* subsidized lunches. The federal government will still subsidize home ownership for millionaires via the mortgage interest deduction, while cutting back sharply on rental assistance for the poor. Democrats should have a field day with House Budget chief John Kasich's rationale for such priorities. "It's a sin to help people who ought to be helping themselves," Kasich said recently.

Of course, Clinton isn't taking on much welfare for the well-off either. That helps explain why, politics aside, Clinton's plan is ultimately disappointing. To be sure, the president's public commitment to the goal of balance is a milestone for the country that raises the likelihood of major deficit reduction being enacted this year. Clinton eases the pain of Republican proposals by insisting that education and other key investments not be cut and by seeking more modest Medicare and Medicaid savings. He sensibly targets his tax cut to leave out the rich. And by including important ideas for health reform—such as insurance that stays with you even if you change jobs—he continues to lead on this central issue.

Yet anyone who watched the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings failures of the 1980s knows that ten- (or even seven-) year promises to balance the budget aren't credible; we're talking about waiting until Al Gore's second term for results. Few of Clinton's cuts will come before the next election, and most won't bite until he's out of office. Even to reach this distant goal, Clinton panders to corrosive public myths in claiming that welfare reform can save lots of money and that Medicare can be cut while sparing beneficiaries. He still calls for tax cuts we can't afford. He claims aggressive savings on interest costs and makes optimistic forecasts on health spending and economic growth. Yes, Republicans do many of these things, too, but the other guy's shoddiness is no defense.

Worse, there's a slow-acting poison in the Clinton plan that will harm Democrats eventually, no matter how expedient it proves now. Like Republicans, Clinton won't touch defense (until 2002), Social Security or welfare for the well-to-do—areas that make up nearly half the budget. He also won't do anything that could be labeled a tax increase. So he's had to rely disproportionately on savings from annually appropriated domestic spending. This part of the budget has already been shrinking for years, dropping from 5 percent of GDP in the mid-1970s to 3.5 percent today. Though it's only one-sixth of the budget, it accounts for an astonishing 40 percent of Clinton's identified spending cuts. Yet these domestic accounts mostly contain government functions even militia members support, from the FBI to national parks to NASA. They fund virtually all the public investments in research, skills and infrastructure that the president campaigned on and that he's fighting to sustain.

Or so he says. Clinton "favors" selected investments only by increasing them with inflation. In effect, this places a ceiling on the minimal increases he's enacted thus far; over two years he's found just one penny on the federal dollar (or $15 billion) to fund his agenda to rebuild America, promote lifelong learning and more. The result of this investment cap? Initiatives such as school-to-work apprenticeship programs (funded at $1 per American), Goals 2000 education reform (a nickel per kid daily) and national service (involving 47,000 of several million who attend college) will remain largely symbolic; federal research and development will trail Germany and Japan's in perpetuity. Some fight.

But sound-bite politics will drive Clinton to claim

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huge stakes for these tiny amounts. Such "victories" will be granted in the end by Republicans, since they're cheap ways to earn chits they'll need. But, since these investments can't make serious inroads on the problems they purport to address (the plummeting wages of Americans who don't go to college, for example), cynicism about government will only deepen. A Democratic president will be placing his seal of approval on a framework that rules out serious money for new national needs as far as the eye can see. There could never have been an interstate highway system, Medicare for seniors or a man on the moon under the budget philosophy Clinton now embraces. By joining Republicans in taking huge chunks of the budget off the table (not by embracing balance, please note), Clinton may reduce the vision that defined him at his best to empty sloganeering.

What's missing is a plan that's faster to balance but also funds far more public investment. You could hit balance by 2000 and multiply Clinton's investments by six times with less than a 10 percent change in planned spending and taxes in the next five years. You'd have to put everything on the table and scrap tax cuts, of course, and means-test the entitlements and tax subsidies that give billions to those already well-off. With the media now certain to focus on likely compromises, there's little hope that such an approach will get a hearing.

The president seems determined to leave Republicans with few points of difference to take to the voters. This strategy may very well win Clinton the next election. But, if it does so without budgets to prove that he's both a bleeding heart and a hawk, Democrats may find they've lost their soul.

MATTHEW MILLER was senior adviser to the director of the Office of Management and Budget until January.

The GOP faces welfare facts.

SO NOW YOU KNOW

By Paul Offner

Democrats say that they want to put welfare mothers to work but that it will be expensive. Republicans respond that, by cutting out federal regulations, they will save so much money that increased funding won't be needed. The partisan dispute has gone on and on without any promise of resolution. But now all that has changed.

The breakthrough occurred on May 26, as the Senate Finance Committee was considering the Republican welfare plan. Senator Kent Conrad asked John Tapogna, a young analyst with the Congressional Budget Office, how much it would cost to put 45 percent of the welfare caseload to work by the year 2000, as required by the Republican bill. $10 billion, said Tapogna.

Conrad double-checked. Didn't the proposed block grant—which includes federal funding for cash assistance, for work programs and for day care—provide only $16.8 billion a year? Tapogna said that was right.

"So," Conrad concluded, "60 percent, roughly, of the block grant would be soaked up, if you will, in terms of the need for funding for just child care and [job] training."

"Correct," Tapogna answered. And there was more. States that fail to meet the 45 percent requirement, he said, would lose up to 5 percent of their block grant. But, even if all states suffered this penalty, the amount they would lose, $835 million (5 percent of $16.7 billion), is far less than the $10 billion they'd have to spend to reach the 45 percent target. So, Tapogna testified, "states would probably opt out of the work program and face whatever sanction that the Secretary [of Health and Human Services] might send their way." In effect, the Congressional Budget Office was saying the work requirement in the Republican bill is a fraud.

It was 2:30 on a Friday afternoon, long after most senators' minds turn to their weekend speaking engagements back home, but Chairman Bob Packwood took it all in. At an impromptu press conference, he admitted he had not been aware of the budget office's numbers. He intended, he said, to work with committee members to iron out the problem.

Unfortunately for the Republicans, though, ironing out this problem won't be easy. They can attack the Congressional Budget Office's numbers, for instance, but that would be foolish. The CBO has a well-deserved reputation on Capitol Hill for fairness and thoroughness. Furthermore, it is headed by June O'Neill, an economist from the City University of New York who only recently was installed in her job by Bob Dole and Newt Gingrich. In the last couple of weeks, the Republicans have been citing the CBO in attacking the numbers in Clinton's new budget plan.

The Republicans can admit that more money is needed, but that approach has its own problems. As it is, the Senate bill saves $11-12 billion *less* than the bill passed by the House (comparing those areas that are covered by both bills), and Senate Republicans, several of whom are running for president, don't want to be seen as soft on budget-cutting or on welfare. At his Friday press conference, Packwood ruled out additional funding.

The only other option is to reduce the work requirement, but that also has drawbacks. Senate Republicans remember all too well what happened when the Ways and Means Committee came out with its welfare bill containing weak work standards. Democratic Committee members jumped on it, screaming "tough on kids, weak on work." Even Robert Rector of the conservative Heritage Foundation acknowledged that the work provi-

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sions were "a major embarrassment." So significant weakening of the work requirement is probably out, too.

The problem identified by Tapogna's testimony is not just some minor glitch that can be worked out with an adjustment here or there, but *the* basic flaw in the Republican welfare position. Republican governors such as Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin and John Engler of Michigan who are the driving force behind these bills have a simple answer: drop the work requirements and trust us. While that might make sense in Wisconsin and Michigan, where the economy is booming and coming up with a job is relatively easy, in most places it doesn't. Putting millions of welfare mothers to work is expensive for the simple reason that it requires the government to create jobs. Now, finally, members of Congress can have confidence in that conclusion because it comes from the Congressional Budget Office. (The Democratic leadership bill is still under development, but at least it provides the necessary funding.)

The Republicans have the votes to push through their version of welfare reform. But if they do so despite acknowledged facts, they will have missed their chance to bring meaningful reform to the system. And, in the aftermath of John Tapogna's testimony, they can't say they weren't forewarned.

PAUL OFFNER is legislative aide to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

THE PRESS

NOT TWO CENTS

By Nader Mousavizadeh

When Thomas L. Friedman took over *The New York Times*'s foreign affairs column last January, expectations were high. Friedman had distinguished himself as a foreign correspondent in the Middle East, written the best-selling book *From Beirut to Jerusalem* and chronicled the intimate workings of the Bush-Baker diplomatic team as his paper's chief diplomatic correspondent in Washington. The cold war was over, the old guard was retiring. The *Times* needed a fresh, younger voice to make sense of the new world.

Friedman chose to launch his column from the Far East, which was his way of asserting that the Pacific Rim held the key to the future. Over the last five months, he has remained faithful to his creed, a creed that is radically unsuited to the era it seeks to explain. It consists of a rampant economicism, an elitism disguised as man-in-the-street populism and a knowingness presented as folksiness. The tone, generally speaking, has been one of ingratiating callousness.

Almost one half of Friedman's columns have concerned trade or economic policy, sometimes with the focus on Mexico or Japan, often presented as simple investment advice for his acquisitive readership. Reading Friedman's columns, one could easily believe that all the world's a bazaar and that unfettered trade alone will ensure an idyllic future. These columns reveal a pattern of thought almost irretrievably mired in what might be called the geo-economic illusion, the idea that in the wake of the cold war political and military power have yielded to economic power. Conflicts, to the extent that they concern Friedman, take place mainly among trading partners, whose interdependence ought to inspire cooperation.

American foreign policy is thus reduced to the pristine politics of old alliances and new economic partnerships, to the rescue of Mexico and to trade wars with Japan, to restructuring the Russian economy rather than reforming Russian politics. It is the diplomacy-as-banking school of thought. In column after column, the politics of diplomacy are ignored in favor of the mechanics of the bond market. ("Mexico has been hit by a financial neutron bomb," Friedman explains, describing the flight of foreign bond holders.) The financier George Soros is invoked as a trenchant critic of Russian affairs and is also included in Friedman's alternative G-7—alternative, that is, to the current "Geriatric-7," as Friedman cleverly dubs them.

Why, you might wonder, should Soros be included? Because "he single-handedly broke the British pound and ... serves as the global reality cop," and because Britain and France really "belong in the G-7 of 1895." (Michael Jordan also earns a place in Friedman's G-7, "because he's so cool and would definitely liven up that stupid group photo they take every year of seven white guys.") The "end of history" idea is wrong, but not for the reasons you might think. History *has* ended, because "the bond market is the end of history," whatever that means. And, if you are clinging to illusions about a unipolar world, Friedman has sobering news for you: "We live again in a two-superpower world. There is the U.S. and there is Moody's." The credit-rating agency.

Given this view of the world, Bill Clinton is criticized not for his failures as president in foreign policy but for the promises he made during the presidential campaign. Republicans are urged to disagree not with Clinton's "substance" but with his "style." For "people don't want vision in foreign policy anymore. They want competence." This will undoubtedly soothe the beleaguered secretary of state, whom Friedman likes to refer to as "Chris." "Chris, wake up, Jesse is using you," the insider wrote on February 19. Perhaps Friedman thinks that it adds to his authority to drop nicknames; in fact it has the opposite effect. His readers want analysis, and he offers them access.

Clinton's visionlessness, Friedman argues, is what will

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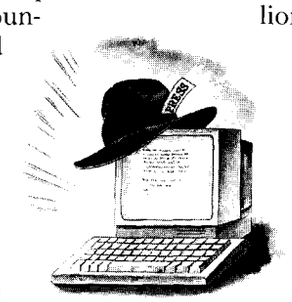
save him and defeat those "isolationists without high-school degrees" and "moronic politicians" in Congress. "When Clinton comes out of hibernation ... he can be very effective. He has good instincts on foreign policy, because foreign policy is just politics with a bigger map. But too often Mr. Clinton won't trust those instincts, so others fill the vacuum and tie his hands." There is perhaps no better example of Friedman's careless and trivial thinking than the notion that "foreign policy is just politics with a bigger map" and that Clinton has "good instincts on foreign policy."

Surely it is the misapplication of Clinton's parochial instincts to issues that are anything but "politics with a bigger map" that has so precipitously undermined America's position in the world. Foreign policy requires an awareness that, in a world essentially without consensus, compromise of the sort that occurs in a democracy is elusive and sometimes impossible. Conflict is real and unavoidable. Clinton, we now know, is almost clinically averse to conflict and addicted to his parochial instincts, but is it too much to ask of the foreign affairs columnist of *The New York Times* to distinguish between the politics of Arkansas and the politics of Algeria?

As an observer of foreign affairs, Friedman's primal and paradigmatic scene was Lebanon. That country has become his metaphor for all wars and all truces. Wherever Friedman goes, he sees Lebanon. Ireland is like Lebanon, Bosnia is like Lebanon, Oklahoma is (sort of) like Lebanon. But Ireland is not like Lebanon, and Bosnia is not like Lebanon, and Chechnya, Rwanda, Colombia, Kashmir and Somalia are not like Lebanon. Lebanon is like Lebanon. That is why there are foreign correspondents, to distinguish between the wars of the world, rather than conflate them all in a single image of war and peace. And what makes Lebanon the measure of all things? Only the columnist's experience. Friedman seems almost completely incapable of considering his subject without referring to himself. It is always "I think" or "I have a feeling" or "my guess" or "I can be the first columnist to write...," as if writing a foreign affairs column is a form of autobiography.



If an obsession with the vagaries of the bond market characterizes Friedman's new approach to foreign affairs, then his distaste for smaller nations, sated and starved, seems a more traditional prejudice of the foreign policy establishment. Only twice in the course of fifty columns over the last five months has he ventured a view on the Balkan crisis. On June 4, he wrote that "I don't know much about Bosnia. But I have a feeling that I've been to this play before. It was an almost identical conflict between Muslims and Christians and it was called Lebanon." Why, might you ask, would a foreign affairs columnist so glibly admit ignorance about a place as important as Bosnia? The answer followed in the succeeding column, on June 7: "I don't give two cents about Bosnia. Not two cents. The people there have brought on their own troubles. But I do feel loyalty to the allies who have put their own troops into harm's way to try to limit the human suffering there. The Bosnias will come and go, but good friends whom we can count on for solving problems that really are our national interest are hard to find."

This Bosnia, Friedman may be relieved to know, *is* going. But, in the long and sorry history of the West's response to Serbian aggression, one would be hard-pressed to find commentary quite so pitiless, quite so cool, as his. "Not two cents": with these unforgettable words Friedman cutely dispatches an entire people. Not that he is an isolationist, of course. No, we should intervene in Bosnia, but only for England and France. They are our allies. The Bosnians, by contrast, "brought on their own troubles." How exactly the thousands of Muslim women who were raped brought those rapes on themselves, or the thousands of children (17,000 to be exact) who were murdered brought their murders on themselves, or the 2 million who fled from their homes brought their flight on themselves, is a question to which Friedman must have the answer. Bosnia, he has concluded, lies in a grave of its own making.

The Bosnians, however, should not feel singled out for insignificance by the all-too-global concerns of Thomas Friedman. The Kurds, too, are thrown to the lions in a May 17 column bemoaning Turkey's reputation in the West. Cruelly misunderstood, Turkey is in fact a vital ally of the West about to be "sucked into the snake-pit of Middle Eastern politics," Friedman says. (But Turkey *is* in the Middle East.) Dismissing those with a "romantic commitment to Kurdish nationalism," he offers a solution: cede authority over Northern Iraq to Saddam Hussein so "he can clamp down on the Kurds there." To Saddam, who in 1988 gassed thousands of Kurdish civilians in the town of Halabja and, in the immediate aftermath of the Gulf war, drove hundreds of thousands of Kurds into the mountains, where they were saved only by the American-led "Operation Provide Comfort."

There is no greater challenge to contemporary diplomacy than to understand and confront the virulent nationalisms of Europe, Asia and Africa. The idea that "we have gone from a world dominated by superpowers to a world dominated by supermarkets," as Friedman would have it, may be true in the clubs and the conference centers of the West, but to the peoples of new nations and newer states, the world of supermarkets is distant indeed. To this world, Friedman offers only a confusion of nationalism with tribalism and a well-heeled fatalism. He insists that "the tribal impulse for survival and revenge is like a political blowtorch [that will] burn a hole right through you.... Unless you are willing to out-Serb the Serbs and out-thug the thugs, stay home." This is a recipe for a kind of isolationism that the United States has not known since before the First World War. If confronting evil is always a matter of out-evilling evil, then there is no evil whose defeat will justify American sacrifice. And then American foreign policy will be worth not even two cents. •

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The chimera of Middle East cooperation.

SHIMON PERES'S NEIGHBORHOOD

By Jacob Heilbrunn

At a small breakfast meeting at Washington's Mayflower hotel last February, Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres tried to assure his audience of American journalists that the recent Hamas bombing at Beit Lid that killed twenty Israeli soldiers wouldn't derail the Middle East peace process. As the silverware tinkled, he explained how he was going to transform the region into an economic oasis. "We must build a TVA of the Middle East by constructing industrial parks from the Red Sea to the Dead Sea," Peres declared with equal parts self-possession and self-delusion. "Flaubert said that God is responsible for the beginning and the end. We are responsible for the middle."

The moment was vintage Peres. An urbane statesman who relishes quoting poetry and speaking in aphorisms, he has developed a mystical sense of confidence in his ability to outmaneuver his foes inside and outside Israel. Flushed with his success at persuading Yasir Arafat to sign the Oslo accords, Peres, together with Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, has now embarked on the most treacherous phase of the peace process: reaching an agreement with Syria. Apart from the amazing feat of rousing Secretary of State Warren Christopher from his torpor to barnstorm the Middle East, Peres and Rabin's most audacious move has been to make it plain that they're prepared to trade the Golan Heights for a promise of peace from Hafez al-Assad. With Peres and Rabin desperate to score a success before the 1996 Israeli elections, the meeting between the Israeli and Syrian defense ministers scheduled for June 27 in Washington suggests that the two sides are coming closer than ever to nailing down an agreement.

An agreement with Syria would be based strictly on military considerations. But, in Peres's view, the future of the Middle East depends not on military or even political considerations but mainly on economic cooperation between Israel and the Arab states. "True power—even military power—is no longer anchored in the boot camp, but on the university campuses," Peres wrote in his recent book, *The New Middle East*. "Politics should pave the way from pure military strategy to an enriched political and economic repertoire.... What is right for the rest of the world is right for Israel and the Arab nations as well. Fate has brought us from a world of territorial conflict to one of economic challenge and of new opportunities created by human intellectual advances." Intent on ushering in a new golden age in the Middle East, Peres has staked the peace process on the idea that the world has reached an era in which military prowess has taken a backseat to scientific and technological prowess.

Two years after Oslo, however, Arab hostility to Israel remains unabated. The Arab states tried, unsuccessfully, to muscle Israel into signing the non-proliferation treaty and, more recently, united to condemn Israel's proposed takeover of land in East Jerusalem. As for the economic ties, Peres, in trying to promote cooperation, has promoted confrontation. The contrast between the immiseration of the Arab world and Israeli affluence has long fueled Arab feelings of powerlessness, and Peres's high-handed talk of a region in which Israel supplies the sophisticated technology and Arabs the cheap labor has compounded that resentment. As Arab governments tentatively explore links with Israel, burgeoning Islamic movements are capturing the loyalties of the Arab populace, which abhors those links. Peres's technocratic dream may soon become a nightmare.

Shimon Peres's infatuation with science and technology began with his Zionist upbringing. Born on August 21, 1923, into a merchant family in Vishneva, Poland, Peres imbibed Zionist ideology as a youth. His father left for Palestine in 1932, and the family followed two years later. They lived in Tel Aviv, where Peres studied at the Balfour School, wrote poetry and joined a Marxist youth movement.

Peres dropped out after the ninth grade and headed for the kibbutz Ben-Shemen, run by the Labor movement, where he was elected regional coordinator of the "working youth" movement. Peres, who had courted his wife by reading aloud passages from *Das Kapital*, jettisoned his Marxism to become the disciple of the Labor movement theorist Berl Katznelson. Katznelson instilled in Peres a reverence for technology. "I was certain I had discovered the keys to solving all the problems of our nation," Peres recounts in his new memoirs, *Battling For Peace*. Though Peres never served in the army, he began working in the early 1940s at Haganah headquarters

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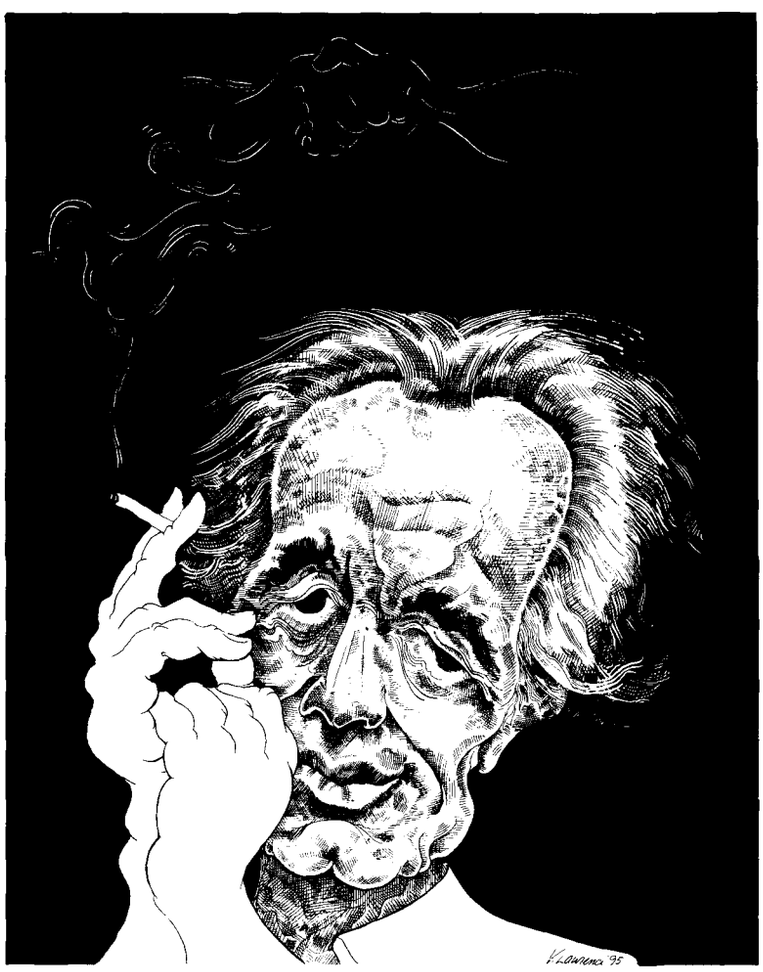
along with his friend and idol Moshe Dayan. He soon became the protégé of David Ben-Gurion, who entrusted him with supervising military mobilization and weapons procurement. Peres arranged for weapons transfers from Czechoslovakia, Italy, Canada and France; by 1952 his brilliant performance got him named deputy director of the defense ministry. He was 28 years old.

After reorganizing the defense ministry in a few months, Peres masterminded Israel's vital military alliance with France, the only major arms producer in the world, including the United States, that did not boycott Israel. The relationship would prove crucial to Israel's security. Inside the Israeli government, too, Peres's reputation was enhanced by his dealings with the French over the acquisition of nuclear weapons. With Ben-Gurion's backing and against the opposition of Foreign Minister Golda Meir and the party old guard, Peres successfully fought for the Dimona project, in which, under a deal arranged by Peres, France supplied Israel with nuclear materials in exchange for support during the 1956 Suez war. In the late '50s, Peres was instrumental in instituting another military partnership, with Germany, again in the face of widespread opposition. To him results mattered more than the revulsion many Israelis still felt for Germany.



SHIMON PERES BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Peres was much less deft, however, when it came to domestic politics. Used by both Dayan and Ben-Gurion as a buffer against criticism, he earned a reputation as a hatchet man among the Mapai party elders. In 1960 Golda Meir, who considered him an inveterate intriguer and loathed him for encroaching on her turf with his backroom network of global contacts, tried to crush him. In the Lavon affair—in which Pinhas Lavon, a high-ranking Mapai official, was accused of arranging the secret bombing of American installations in Egypt to stir antagonism between the U.S. and Egypt—Peres was accused of leaking information. "I was young and seen as dangerously ambitious," Peres writes in *Battling For Peace*. "I felt I was being set up as the fall guy for the Mapai establishment. All those who were against Ben-Gurion, but did not dare attack him publicly, attacked me instead." Peres survived, but he joined Ben-Gurion in 1965 in bolting the Mapai Party. He, Dayan and Ben-Gurion created a splinter party called Rafi, for which he drew up a manifesto emphasizing scientific progress and industrial organization. Peres, who had reveled in working the levers of power, was now condemned to exile as a backbencher in Parliament.

Once the 1967 war erupted, however, Peres arranged a truce inside Israel between the Mapai and Rafi factions that resulted in the creation of the Labor Party. By 1974, after Golda Meir, who had relegated Peres to the post of information minister, stepped down as prime minister, Yitzhak Rabin appointed him defense minister. Writing in his memoirs, Rabin sniped: "I did not regard Peres as suitable since he had never fought in the IDF and his experience in purchasing arms did not make up for that experience.... I accepted Peres as defense minister—albeit with a heavy heart."

In the aftermath of the Yom Kippur war, Peres ruthlessly overhauled the army. He restored its morale and equipment. His forays into foreign policy, though, met with less success. One example of his penchant for far-fetched schemes came when he attempted to seal an agreement with Egypt by proposing that a joint American-Soviet force patrol the Sinai. Rabin quashed it.

Even more nettlesome to Rabin were Peres's constant attempts to undermine him. In his bid to unseat Rabin for the premiership in 1977, for instance, Peres even embraced the budding settlement movement. When the Cabinet voted to restrict settlements on the West Bank, Peres protested. He unfurled the banner of "settlements everywhere." "The hills of Samaria are no less lofty than those of the Golan," declared Peres.

When Rabin had to step down after accusations of peculation surfaced against his wife, Peres's dream seemed finally to have come true. A shaken Labor Party handed Peres the nomination for prime minister. The

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nomination had always been tantamount to election. But the beleaguered Peres promptly led the party to its first ever defeat at the polls. The sight of Likud leader Menachem Begin carrying off the laurels for the Camp David agreement compounded the shock.

Peres retreated to the confines of the Socialist International, a high-profile body of Socialist Party leaders from around the world. His heroes there were the three men who ran Western Europe during the heyday of social democracy: Austria's Bruno Kreisky, Germany's Willy Brandt and Sweden's Olaf Palme. Ostpolitik, the policy these three adopted of promoting contacts with Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, provided Peres with a model for his own Middle East détente. His friendship with this pro-PLO troika strengthened his conviction that Israel had to reach an accommodation with the PLO as quickly as possible.

Peres still had to do the grubby work of rebuilding the party structure of Labor if he was to return to power. By 1984 he had cobbled together, with Yitzhak Shamir, a rotating premiership in a "national unity government." He tamed a roaring inflation rate and brought back Israeli troops from Lebanon. Returning to old turf, he worked with a longtime friend, an arms dealer named Al Schwimmer, to spur the Reagan administration to sell arms to Iran, deals that resulted in the Iran-contra scandal.

But throughout the 1980s the Israeli electorate refused to entrust Peres with a parliamentary majority. His attempts to strike a deal with the PLO foundered on his shaky parliamentary numbers. In 1990, for example, Peres attempted to topple Shamir by lining up the support of a motley assortment of ultra-Orthodox rabbis. The results were catastrophic. "Instead of constructing a coalition for peace," then-*Washington Post* correspondent Glenn Frankel observed in *Beyond the Promised Land*, "Peres succeeded only in increasing the power, demands and egotism of some of the country's most dubious politicians." His reputation was at its nadir.

Yet Peres's miscalculations ended up reviving the Labor Party. Since he had discredited himself, Labor turned back to Rabin as prime minister, and he led the party to a narrow victory in 1992. Once more Rabin and Peres were nominal allies who now had the common objective of Israeli withdrawal from the Gaza strip. Peres's factotum, Yossi Beilin, authorized two university professors to sound out the PLO. Working through François Mitterrand and the Socialist International, Peres conducted the negotiations in Norway with the PLO. The result was the 1992 Oslo accords, a monumental achievement. The accords permitted Israel to begin extricating itself from the Gaza strip. They decoupled the Palestinian problem from the wider Middle East conflict. The Arab boycott is now ending and Israel has established ties with Jordan, Tunisia and Morocco.

In the post-Oslo, post-cold war Middle East, Peres has been the most indefatigable proponent of economics and trade as the key to the future. Peres seeks nothing less than to expel the old Adam of Arab nationalism from the Middle East. To ensure that the "thumping of hammers will replace the thunder of guns," Peres, in *The New Middle East*, calls for the establishment of "a regional community of nations, with a common market and elected centralized bodies, modeled on the European Community."

For a number of reasons, however, the prospect of a European Community in the Middle East is wholly unrealistic. For a start, Israel's economic future rests in the Far East, not the Middle East. With a gross domestic product of $70 billion per year, Israel has done a sensational job of building an export-driven economy independent of the Middle East—thanks, in large part, to the electronics and computer industry that Peres insisted on building. Besides, a staggering gap exists between Israel and its neighbors. The average Israeli is 11.4 times wealthier than the average Syrian, 11.8 times than the average Jordanian and almost 21 times than the average Egyptian.

Peres also completely ignores the fact that the Arab states remain praetorian states based on command economies and reliant on trade barriers to prop up woefully inefficient industries. The restrictive nature of the Arab economies, coupled with nationalistic resistance, has prevented them from attracting international private-equity investments. Writing in *Middle East Policy*, the leading Arab financier Ziad K. Abdelnour lamented that "most Arab countries, including even such liberal ones as Lebanon, have foreign-investment laws that result from a fear of Western domination and a desire to protect domestic and other Arab entrepreneurs." Investments are few not because of the Israeli-Arab conflict but simply because there are so few profitable ventures. Jordan, which has enjoyed a de facto peace with Israel for two decades, has utterly failed to attract outside money. In Egypt, of 314 companies privatized by the government, a grand total of four have been purchased. Only seven Arab countries—Bahrain, Egypt, Jordan, Kuwait, Morocco, Oman, and Tunisia—even boast securities markets. Further, as Peres omits to mention, the Arab countries don't even trade extensively with each other; inter-Arab trade comprises less than 10 percent of Arab exports and has *declined* over the past decade.

What's more, the Arab countries, apart from Jordan, remain loath to trade with Israel. One reason the Camp David accords have been disappointing in the economic sphere is that the Egyptians have not welcomed Israeli expertise. Dirk Vandewalle has pointed out in the journal *Survival* that Camp David provides a "best-case" scenario between two committed partners with a superpower using its diplomatic and financial might to smooth relations. Yet trade between the two countries is minuscule, they have no joint economic projects and tourism is a one-way street from Israel to Egypt. Egyptian-Israeli trade amounts to 0.07 percent of Egypt's trade and 0.04 percent of Israel's. Egypt's balking at signing the nonproliferation treaty only confirms the precarious state of Israeli-Egyptian relations. The most that exists

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between the two countries is a cold peace.

Peres's grasp of the political realities of the Middle East is even shakier. He has repeatedly shown how oblivious he is to the region's political hatreds and roiling passions. To Peres, poverty, for example, is not a problem in itself, but the cause of the tensions. He asks, "Do we choose the path of the tongues of fire, billowing smoke and rivers of blood, or of blooming deserts, restored wastelands, progress, growth, justice and freedom? The higher the standard of living rises, the lower the level of violence will fall ... the best way to mitigate the dual dangers of modern weaponry and age-old poverty is to uncouple this combination, fighting poverty as if it were a military threat."

But the threat of instability facing the Arab countries is primarily political and religious, not economic. Peres's view of poverty as the source of Islamic fundamentalism is a patronizing one driven by a debased Marxism in which political results are ascribed to economic causes. He doesn't understand that Muslim fanatics may be driven by passions that may have nothing to do with economics. Islamic fundamentalist movements, such as Algeria's Armed Islamic Group, Jordan's *Tahrir* Party and Egypt's Islamic *al-Jihad*, are beginning to appeal to the Arab middle classes: lawyers, doctors, teachers. Far from being rooted solely in poverty, Islamic fundamentalism is rooted largely in anti-Western currents, a phenomenon that the Iranian revolution made clear. The more prosperous the Arab world becomes, the greater the tensions between westernizing and Islamic forces.

Nor does poverty drive Israel's conflict with the Palestinians. To be sure, almost 40 percent of Palestinians rely on Israel for employment, and the occupied territories don't even control their own money supply. But, again, the nub of the problem is political. So far, Arafat has proven as helpless as the Israelis in the face of Islamic terrorism. An interdependence has evolved among Rabin, Peres and Arafat, all of whom are desperately seeking to quell Hamas and to revive the Oslo peace process before it expires completely.

Above all, Peres's lucubrations about Palestinian economic dependence on Israel are anathema to the Arab states. They view Israeli technological advances as a Trojan horse. "The merging of technologically backward countries with a high-tech economy," writes the Arab radical Aqba Ali Saleh, "necessarily entails domination by the latter and restriction of the former's scope for development."

A much-touted economic conference held in Casablanca last fall demonstrated the futility of Peres's economics-based panaceas. At the conference Peres pushed to create a $10 billion central regional bank that would fund projects throughout the Middle East. But the Gulf Arabs, who were supposed to supply the funds, pleaded poverty, and other Arab politicians denounced the idea of a central bank. Ahmad al Tayir, the minister of state for finance in the United Arab Emirates, for instance, declared that a development bank would only act as a wedge for the opening of Arab markets to Israeli capital. Tayir called for joint Arab development instead.

Moreover, when Peres declared in December that Israel should join the Arab League, the league's secretary scoffed that Israeli Jews should first "become Muslims." At a league meeting in January, the Egyptian committee asked whether "the Arabs would be able to make Israel merely a Jewish quarter in an Arab city, or whether Israel would become in the Arab world like the British East India Company, which ruled the Indo-Pakistani subcontinent in the past." The Egyptians argued that the Arabs should seek ties with Japan and China, not Israel.

Arab leaders perceive Israel's economic gains as a security threat as well, fearing that even if the Arab states were to profit from trade with Israel, Israel would profit more. The former Egyptian defense minister, Amin Huwaydi, voiced these apprehensions in a recent article. "Before the end of this century," he warned, "we could find ourselves facing a different map of the Middle East in terms of political geography and regional relations." Huwaydi concluded, "We, therefore, must deal with Israel with complete caution, remembering that joint projects in the fields of gas, oil, water, tourism and transportation will give Israel the right to benefit."

What the Arabs perceive as the Israeli economic threat has already prompted Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Syria to begin forming a common political front. At a December meeting in Alexandria, Mubarak, Hafez al-Assad and, later, King Fahd agreed not to sign the non-proliferation treaty until Israel consented to international inspections and to support Syria's and the PLO's negotiating positions toward Israel. If Israel signs a peace treaty with Syria, Israel may eventually be faced with a hostile Muslim government in Egypt and merely cold but correct relations with Syria. Meanwhile, Egypt's dalliance with Syria has prompted Rabin to warn Israelis that they must be prepared for a new war against the Arab states.

At bottom, Egypt continues to see itself as a leader in the Middle East, and it resents what it perceives as Israeli attempts to usurp that position. With the financial aid of Saudi Arabia, Egypt could return to its role as a revisionist power in the Middle East. This could take two forms. The first would be an attempt by the current regime to steal the thunder of the Islamic militants; the second would be the collapse of the Mubarak kleptocracy and its replacement by an Egyptian Islamist regime.

The recent rise in tensions in the Middle East highlights the hollowness of Peres's contention that the end of the cold war has turned warfare into a relic of the past. Consider the arms trade. The end of the cold war has made it even easier for countries to arm themselves by buying from Russia, China and North Korea. The Middle East comprises the largest regional arms market outside Europe. Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Syria, which still has a 40,000-man army in Lebanon, have all gone

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on spending binges lately. Iran is buying six nuclear reactors from Russia.

The moderate Arab states aren't likely to launch a direct attack against Israel. Still, Peres is wrong to conclude that "Egypt, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan—and even Iraq, which has no common border with Israel—declared war on us because of the Palestinian issue. These were the only real grounds for our terrible issues." The Palestinian issue has always been a smokescreen for the Arab states. The Gulf war and the Iran-Iraq war, to name but two recent examples, were not about the Palestinians. Conflict in the Middle East has revolved not so much around the Palestinians as the Palestinians around it. Wars in the Middle East will continue regardless of the Palestinians. Peres would do well to remember that armies are also the last line of defense for Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt against an upsurge of Islamic fundamentalism. In sum, the squandering of precious monies on military outlays, including the addition of chemical and nuclear weapons to their arsenals, hardly suggests that economic cooperation is replacing military confrontation.

Quite the opposite. In the twentieth century, technology has just as often been tied to reactionary movements as it has to progressive ones. Peres is apparently oblivious to this. In an interview with a Tel Aviv newspaper in April, he asked, "Which countries have ascended economically? Only those that have ended their military conflicts. Even gigantic China is today made of silk, militarily speaking, and of iron and steel economically. It is impossible to have both." Of course, China has been able to launch a massive military buildup over the past decade precisely because of its explosive economic growth. Events in the Middle East have plainly demonstrated that technology is value-neutral. With nuclear weapons, the Arab states can close the traditional gap between economic modernization and military power. And, while Peres sees technological advances as synonymous with higher standards of living, sometimes these advances just create bigger rifts between the haves and have-nots.

To Peres the end of the cold war seemed to provide a golden opportunity to reverse the emphasis on military power. All his life Peres, who never served in the army, has had to play second fiddle to military men, beginning with Moshe Dayan and continuing with Yitzhak Rabin. To be known as the impresario of the Middle East peace process rather than the creator of the Dimona nuclear project seemed a way to upstage them. Unfortunately, Peres's technocratic dreams have betrayed him at the height of his career, and he has now seen his vision of harmony in the Middle East begin to boomerang. In peddling the nostrum of a economically united Middle East, Peres sought to replace the myth of Arab unity with another myth. But his emphasis on economics has provoked the passions he meant to suppress. As the terrorist attacks against Israel mount, as Islamic fundamentalism grows and as nuclear, biological and chemical weapons spread, a new Middle East is indeed emerging. It is not, however, the new Middle East that Shimon Peres envisions. •

America's obsession with the cute and cuddly.

THE POWER OF PETS

By Richard Klein

Americans today own 63 million cats and 54 million dogs, on whom they rain more than $17 billion a year—and business is booming. These facts should give us paws. More and more we live in proximity to small animals. People come home dog-tired from work, and they find release and consolation in pets: it is medically proven that they lower blood pressure and heal the mentally distressed. Cats have recently become more popular than dogs in this country. In the stressful rush of the '90s, cats, requiring less attention time yet emotionally responsive to humans, have become the purr-fect pet.

Please pardon my puns. Something contagious happens to your style after you've been reading the literature on pets. Journalists, in particular, writing on the topic find themselves compulsively obliged to pun, often in the most outrageous ways. Repetitive punning quickly becomes socially unacceptable. To pun in succession while speaking, say, to a president would surely be considered a faux-paw. But is there something necessary, some inherent compulsion, that motivates journalists to pun when they start writing about pets? Punning surely contributes to making animals cute, like babies, and all the better suited for domestication—for bringing into the home from which beasts are otherwise

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rigidly excluded. But does the subject also invite a form of linguistic playfulness, a sign that the tone is being dropped down to a level more appropriate to the topic? After all, pets in this culture belong essentially to leisure, to play and distraction, rather than to the earnest realm of laborious work.

This has not always been the case. It was not that long ago, in the nineteenth century, that the French debated the question of whether one should put a smaller tax on working pets than on those that were kept strictly for leisure. People resisted the distinction. Guarding a home, for example, is a valuable use to which so-called leisure animals are put. In fact, a lot of pets, around the house, serve multiple functions and work like dogs.

But now there is something that takes them out of the realm of work and invites punning. The punning tells you that the writer doesn't take this entirely seriously—this assumed responsibility to report on the state of our pets. At a time when many issues are matters of life and death, pets cannot be treated with too much gravity, even by journalists, who take seriously too many things already.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT C. SCHULMAN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

And yet, the more one reflects on the role pets are coming to assume in our lives, the more the topic seems to require the most serious attention, maybe even what Ross Chambers calls a new "crittercism." Providing not just amusement and wonder, pets offer us a mirror of our own humanity, one that moralists and philosophers should not treat lightly. The importance pets are acquiring in our lives and the anthropomorphic qualities with which we endow them may signal a troubling tendency to blur, as never before, the distinction between humans and animals. This, in turn, may have ethical and political consequences we may not immediately perceive or necessarily desire.

What are all these pets doing here? And why are there more of them? Why are we pursuing them with ever more dogged intensity, regularly inventing whole new categories of pets, multiplying their vast inconvenience and inflating their exorbitant expense? Pet superstores are rushing to open in cities around the country, pushing hot products like poultry-flavored toothpaste or sparkling water for pets in Tangy Fish and Crispy Beef flavors. Fat clinics count cat calories and serve diet dog-food. A company called Phydeaux makes battery-operated balls, and specialty clothing shops sponsor Critter Costume competitions to encourage dressing up. The cost and frequency of major veterinary surgery have skyrocketed in this country. Hip replacements and chemotherapy are no longer uncommon. Some procedures have catapulted surgeon and hospital bills to five figures, and treatments for cancer can run to six. Major medical insurance for pets, no longer a luxury, is increasingly a prudent necessity. And pet cemeteries, featuring ever more elaborate sepulchra, are attracting masters ever more bereaved.

In *The Beast in the Boudoir*, Kathleen Kete asserts that it was in Paris first, in the nineteenth century, "that the family dog became a cliché of modern life." Even today the French own more pets than any other nation, and they are granted exorbitant human privileges. You may bring a dog into any French restaurant; you may never bring a baby. Well-dressed women, putting on the dog, have long been expected to be accompanied by well-dressed pets. Kete describes some of the elegant dog coats and brilliant dresses that were advertised in Parisian catalogs more than a century ago. Today in America, on a vaster scale, at the Pet Department Store in New York (the so-called "Bloomingdale's of pets") you can join others in one of their "Pupper-Wear Parties," which highlight designer fashions for both pets and their owners.

What is a pet, to begin with? Historically, in the long debate over animal rights, the question of the humanity of animals (their right to humane treatment) versus their animality (their mere beastliness) has been the essential bone of contention. In general, pets are considered closer to us, closer to being human, than, say, farm animals, like, say, a pig—although pet pigs, small pot-bellied Vietnamese pigs in particular, lately are becoming less and less exotic in pet stores. Pigs themselves, of course, have been extensively humanized; from the baby pig in *Alice in Wonderland* to the demagogic pig in *Animal Farm*, they are the seemingly hairless animals who most resemble us. But you get what I mean; we feel closer to our pets than to, say, a turkey—although turkeys are often endearing.

Whereas the primary meaning of the word refers to "any animal that is domesticated or tamed and kept as a favorite, or treated with indulgence and fondness,"

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according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, it early was extended to encompass "any person or thing (material or immaterial) specially cherished; for which one has a particular fondness or weakness." At the limit anything can be taken to be a pet, as the brief vogue some years ago of pet rocks serves to illustrate. But there are also pet highways and pet mountains; some astronomers have what they call pet galaxies—those they observe with particular attention and pleasure. You can even have a special fondness for something you absolutely can't stand—what is called a pet peeve. Today pets are becoming more and more exotic, more removed from the realm of animals for which one traditionally felt special fondness. Giant hissing cockroaches are kept by some. One can't help wondering if they aren't being kept as a variety of anti-pet, a pet that invites no petting.

The origin of the word "pet" seems to reside in the practice of taking a petting lamb. A domestic animal was taken away from its mother, fed by humans and incorporated for a while into the most intimate circle of the house, which may have anyway comprised domestic animals. After a while, of course, the little lamb turns into a sheep whose leg one Sunday turns up on the dining room table. But, for the time of its infancy, this lamb, like the lamb of God, is the dearest thing in the world. You love to pet it, this lamb. To caress it in the way you want to touch the most adorable, the cutest, the most lovable things. Cuteness is the beauty that attaches to beings that are small, immature, but cunningly concatenated; pets have it. Petting, or patting, is a way of reaching out to touch in a way that implies you want to be touched back. The difference between touching a pet and, say, a rock, is that a rock doesn't touch your touch. Whereas a pet does. But what about a pet rock? Funny the way it seems to reflect the affectionate attention you lavish on it, with which you polish or eye it. In your fondling hands it becomes a thing with a surface and depth to which you can relate. You love its smoothness, the slippery uniformity of its skin, but also its bumps and accidents, whatever peculiar idiosyncrasies seem to make it exclusively, irreducibly this thing, this pet and not another—and not any other's but yours.

What inhabits the center of the pet, what makes it possible for a rock or an iguana or a galaxy to be your pet, what resides there at the secret center of what makes it so fascinating, so desirable, so adorable is you.

In the form of something else.

In *The Stranger*, Albert Camus wrote: "Perhaps through living in one small room, cooped up with his dog, Salamano has come to resemble it." Many pet stores these days sponsor pet-and-owner-look-alike contests. It has often been observed that people resemble their pets, just the way they do their spouses. Of course, coming to look like the exact opposite of your spouse, or pet, also counts. The widely understood notion that there is some deep identity or multiple correspondence between people and their pets explains the obsessive fascination journalists have with the pets of politicians. Politicians, no dopes, understand with increasing sophistication how their pets can be used to convey the most subtly articulated, crucially self-defining messages to the voter. It's no wonder at this time, with pets proliferating, that politicians are displaying theirs on an unparalleled scale, and newshounds are lapping it up.

To be sure, Roosevelt's Falla and Nixon's dog, Checkers, achieved fame in their lifetimes. But who recalls the names of Amy Carter's Misty Malarkey Yin Yang, or Susan Ford's Chan or Caroline Kennedy's Tom Kitten? These days, political pets are no longer anonymous or obscure; they make public appearances, issue statements, have public relations, fan clubs and literary careers. Often more popular than the masters they serve, they may be, in this dog-eat-dog world, the only real heroes left.

Consider Socks, the Clintons' cat. The name instantly evokes the sort of cuddly, down-home empathy, the unvarnished familiarity, that this president practices most effectively. That's why Socks attracts an immense amount of mail, more than 200 letters a day, as a consequence of which a fan club was instituted, with its own director, staffed by people who handle the correspondence and publish Socks's fan club letter.

These activities did not escape the watch-dog eyes of Representative Dan Burton, a Republican member of the new Committee on Government Reform and Oversight. One of his first acts was to write the White House demanding to know how many taxpayer dollars were being "wasted" on the president's "feline fan club." He took aim at the cost of postage, stationery and envelopes as "the type of waste the American public wants to get rid of."

On the surface it might seem that Burton is merely being a sourpuss, supercilious and fiscally dogmatic. But his attack on fan club finances might be more shrewdly directed against the growing media power of the "First Cat" and the subtly coded messages it conveys. The public, too, directs more of its communication to political pets. Representative Pat Schroeder of Colorado recently acknowledged that her dog, Wolfie, a keeshound, always appears on the Christmas cards she sends out and that "about 90 percent of the cards we receive have something addressed to Wolfie." We have learned to listen to what the pets say or do, in order to get the scoop on what politicians may be really thinking. Or who they are?

The White House response to Burton's inquiry was categorical: the congressman had neglected to note that in the last administration Millie Bush, the English springer spaniel belonging to the Bushes, had had an important fan club, similarly subsidized by the government. Millie, just like Socks, spent taxpayer money answering her own mail. She, too, sent fans her large picture postcards that were similarly "signed" with an authentic paw-print. In short, the White House concluded, fan clubs are no more Demo-cat than Re-pup-lican.

Normally, the presence of a signature implies the

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signer's consent to what is being signed. But, in the case of a paw-print (forgive me for having to say this), it's not actually Millie or Socks who consents to the message on these cards—to this use of our money in their names. Why pretend they do? It must be because these celebrity animals are not just cats and dogs, but animal masks, ventriloquized by their masters, upholding the moral principles and transmitting the social values these political families would like to represent.

Socks, a stray cat, recently sent his condolences to Representative Charlie Wilson of Texas on the occasion of his having lost his tailless feline companion, the popular Khyber. Socks wrote: "As a former homeless cat, I also know that by adopting Khyber from an animal shelter, you gave him many wonderful years that he otherwise might not have had." (As a literary critic, I'd say Socks's written style bears remarkable resemblance to that of Hillary Clinton.) According to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ASPCA), there is a monstrous and mounting problem of stray pets in this country. As many as 20 million dogs and cats have to be euthanized every year. Socks used the demise of his colleague to draw attention to the plight of America's homeless, amplifying the message of social compassion this White House seeks to convey. The Clintons themselves are often represented as homeless, having lived in governmental housing for decades, always having to borrow other people's houses for their vacations. But this first family, like that of most Americans, is bound together not by blood or soil, without roofs or roots, but by love and mutual responsibility. Socks, without a pedigree, without a home, has reached the White House, the purr-fect metaphor (a catachresis) of the American dream: *felix domesticus*—a happy cat at home at last at the top.

Bob Dole's grayish-black schnauzer, Leader, is another important political pet. His name resulted from his having been given to Dole by his wife at the moment of his master's first, brief accession to the position of majority leader in 1984. The timing of the gift may reflect Dole's own view of his profession; recently, he quoted Harry Truman's cynical insight: "If you want a friend in politics, get a dog." On hearing Truman's aphorism, Clinton reflected that he wished he had known that before showing up in Washington with a neutered cat. The press has not failed to note the irony: Socks is, presumably, the only male in the White House without a full complement of male organs or a fully developed sexual drive. Still, the example of an irreproachably chaste "First Cat" must rather reassure some of the president's image-makers and handlers. Cats are animals of great emotional responsiveness, whose shameless sexuality has traditionally aroused the wrath of those who associate them with the devil—with witches, for example. A neutered cat has all the positive virtues of its human-like capacity for affectionate sympathy without the downside—those bad cat, street-walking, caterwauling blues.

Socks has received particular notoriety as a comeback kid. Like the president, Socks had a bad last year. There was talk of suicide when the cat ran up a tree and nearly strangled on the long leash at the end of which he is walked by the Secret Service. But he seems to have come back again with a new feistiness. In the December issue of his fan club newsletter, Socks directs unusually pointed, partisan sentiments at his Republican predecessor, putting her down in terms that exhibit the worst sort of invidious stereotyping. Socks tells the interviewer: "Millie, slobbering Millie. Pat-me-on-the-head-I-want-to-be-loved Millie. Claims she wrote a best-selling book. No way. I mean dogs are stupid, you know? Chasing squirrels on the South Lawn. Jogging with her master? What an idiot." Socks's jealousy seems all the more blind, or hypocritical, since he himself has been widely credited in the press with having shamelessly hustled several birdies up a tree.

It is not surprising that Socks should feel envious of Millie, who has, after all, achieved immense literary success. In *Millie's Book*, Barbara Bush extensively transcribed the musings of her liver-and-white spaniel, who speaks, often eloquently, but doesn't write, whose full family name is Mildred Kerr Bush and whose popular reflections on life in the White House have earned hundreds of thousands of dollars for the charity she doggedly supports. But Socks must surely also bear a professional grudge toward a first pet whose master publicly credited it with a certain grasp of foreign policy. You remember when George Bush said during the campaign, "My dog, Millie, knows more about foreign policy than these two bozos," kindly, gently referring to Clinton and Al Gore. Bush, at that point an underdog, was no doubt exaggerating, insulting the Democrats' grasp of foreign policy and flattering Millie's. Nevertheless, one picture in *Millie's Book* shows her assuming a contemplative pose, in the Oval Office, surrounded by President Bush and his closest national security advisers: Brent Scowcroft, Bob Gates, John Sununu, etc. Millie laconically glosses the photograph: "I often sit in on the morning briefings."

Socks's attack on Millie's character zeros in with particular ferocity on her obsequious subservience. Indeed, there are certain kinds of Republican dogs whose essential qualities seem tied to their obedience, to their subordination of themselves to masters for whom they are prepared to give everything—altogether too much, perhaps. Millie, for example, dedicates her book written with "Bar" to "George Bush, whom we love more than life."

Kathleen Kete, in *The Beast in the Boudoir*, quotes an epitaph for a dog: "One would have thought he was human, but ... he was faithful." In the same breath, she cites Pascal's famous aphorism: "The more I know people, the more I love my dog." The superior loyalty of the dog is the basis of its moral claim on us and the oldest stereotype in literature. Homer speaks of it in the *Odyssey*. Sculpted medieval tombs of knights and ladies regularly feature the deceased with faithful companion chiseled at their feet. The strength of the bond that unites the wolf to its pack is generally considered to be the rationale

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for domesticating the canine species. Those zoologists who claim that all dogs belong to the same species, a much disputed contention, classify them under the Latin name, *canus familiaris.* The name reflects our understanding that dogs are the embodiment of our family values, the emblem of the loyalty that keeps human families together—that suspends, imperfectly, the suspicion that normally marks our interactions.

When we turn away from the world of work to the place we relax, we return to creature comforts and to the creatures with whom we feel most like ourselves. With pets, we feel surrounded by love that resembles the love we feel for ourselves. Pets—too often, not enough—make the house a home, create the family's sense of being a family. Even if, especially if, it's only you and your dog.

Cynicism, from *cunis,* the Greek word for dog, referred originally to post-Platonic philosophers, like Diogenes Laertes, who adopted a dog-like attitude toward life. The philosophy of cynicism was a kind of fanatical Platonism, a pagan form of unhappy consciousness. It believed so strongly in the reality and the beauty of the Platonic ideal, of the pure Idea whose reality for Plato was absolute and universal, that the world, by comparison, in all its messy impurities, was considered worthless, worthy only of dogs. Cynics are often accused of having no values, but they are cynical precisely because they have the highest, most absolute, most unrealizable ideals of all. Compared to the infinite distance between the ideal and the real, between the idea of absolute perfection and an imperfect world, compared to that, no distinction in this world has any value at all to the cynic, not even the difference between humans and dogs. Talking about one is the same thing as talking about the other, to a cynic. For all the difference there is, dogs might just as well talk, or write books; philosophers, or presidents, may just as well bark. Bush's bark is quoted (if that's the word) in *Millie's Book*; it serves, in a thank-you note, to acknowledge a gift for his dog: "Arf, arf for the dog biscuits—Sincerely, George Bush."

One of the most interesting moments in recent pet history occurred when a capital magazine insulted Millie's beauty in its pages. It called her the ugliest dog in Washington (which even Barbara Bush acknowledges to be true). To her rescue chivalrously came Leader, who, in a press release, perhaps quoting Bush, denounced the attack as "an arf-front to dogs everywhere." The schnauzer's reply to the insult to Millie was first reported in his newsletter, issued by Dole's office, called *News from the Leader.* It comes beautifully printed on excellent paper, embossed with a photograph of the schnauzer's head, looking old and wise and doleful. In it he warns the magazine: "If the editors of *Washingtonian* keep up these dogmatic attacks, they had better watch their step—literally watch their step." Manipulating the distinction between the literal and the figural, Leader draws attention to the metaphorical nature of this punning language. Taking the metaphors with which we sometimes equate humans and dogs as if they were concretely, actually true, the cynic, Leader, laughs. Laughing too, we momentarily adopt the cynical position of people who think that politicians have all literally gone to the dogs.

The complex personification of political pets reflects the degree to which animals, everywhere in our society, are being anthropomorphized. To the Greeks, closer to our animal ancestors, it seemed extremely important to distinguish oneself from the beast. Since Aristotle, humans were supposed to be absolutely distinct and superior, by virtue of their soul, their reason, their morality, language, emotions, their relation to death, beauty, to laughter, to love and so on. This supposed superiority of humans was vigorously and usually brutally assumed, for example, to give us absolute power of life and death over all animals. German idealists, from Kant to Heidegger, promoted enlightened treatment of animals, but located them on a hierarchical moral scale, somewhere above rocks and plants, but definitively below us. At the other extreme, and much more recently, are those radicals of the Humane movement who see nothing more than a difference of degree between animals and human—a slippery slope on which animals, if anything, are higher up on the scale of virtues than humans. Anti-vivisectionists, for example, see no reason in principle why one should permit the suffering of animals in order, perhaps, to alleviate human suffering. Jeffrey Masson and Susan McCarthy, in their new book, *When Elephants Weep,* take a radically humane position, displaying with compelling anecdotes what they take to be the moral quality of animal sympathy and the dignity of animal suffering.

The question of the nature of the difference between animals and humans comes most sharply into focus when one reflects on the conditions under which we may kill an animal, in particular, a pet. In the eighteenth century in England it was said, "He who would hang his dog first gives out that it is mad." A mad dog, it being assumed, deserves to die. The aphorism tells us something about the usefulness of malicious rumor. You smear before you spear. But it illustrates as well, already back then, that hanging your dog, while strictly legal, was something your neighbors were likely to disapprove. You may only kill your pet, today, under certain strict conditions, surrounded by increasingly formal rituals and institutionally sanctioned gestures.

The ALPO Veterinary Advisory Panel, in its brochure, *Death of the Family Pet: Losing a Family Friend,* recommends that the pet-owner: (1) Discuss euthanasia frankly with the doctor. (2) If the owner chooses to spend the final moments together, stroke the animal's head and speak gently as the drug is administered. (3) Consider a last good-bye after the procedure. (4) Complete your physical separation. Pet cemetery burial, home burial or individual cremation are among the options one can take by way of "final arrangements."

Time was you'd take the old decrepit yellow dog behind the barn and shoot it. A horse that breaks its

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leg, the dog whose hip degenerates, are supposed, it was thought, to be put down. That, of course, was before veterinary surgery had made bone repair and hip replacements possible.

Sourdoughs, lonely trappers who live all winter long adrift in the snows of Alaska, develop the most intimate relation to their sled dogs. But when the time comes for them to retire, when they can no longer defy the winter and must go off to live in Anchorage, they sometimes shoot their dogs, out of kindness. Unable to live in the city, raised in devotion to their leader, those dogs, bereft, deserve to die, they think. There appears to be no more humane alternative than to kill the very creatures you love—who love you—most in the world. That principle is worth preserving, with regard to animals. It is a sign of respect for the animals and a form of self-respect. It acknowledges our debt to their sacrifice, that they lived to die in harness. It also says that you're not an animal and that whatever love you felt toward those creatures—however deep or affectionate—was not the feeling you reserve for human beings, or for yourself. It confirms the fundamental ethical difference between animals and humans, which we are in some danger today of forgetting, with consequences that may be dangerous. By anthropomorphizing pets we are encouraging the tendency to blur the distinction between humans and animals, which in turn may lead, and often has led, to the worst forms of biologism, racism or naturalism. The Nazi *Lebensphilosophie*, to cite an egregious example, explicitly assimilated human striving to the impulses of animal instinct.

In Colette's animal novels, the dogs and cats whose conversations we overhear are remarkably civilized and eloquent creatures; they discourse remarkably like Colette herself. That is why it is always a surprising moment when one of these subtle pets interrupts the conversation to go kill. Millie Bush produces the same effect in her book when she reports, with chilling sangfroid, her serial murders: "four squirrels, three rats, and, to Bar's great sorrow [but not her own], a pigeon."

When animals in Colette kill, it's not hunting but always a form of ethnic cleansing, rape and species murder at the same time. She writes in her *Dialogues de Bêtes* (1904):

> Toby the bull [dog], yawning, asks Kiki [the cat]: Tell me, birds, do they taste a lot like chicken?
>
> No, says sweet little Kiki, her eyes suddenly shining blue. No it's better. It's alive. You feel everything cracking beneath your teeth and the bird, shivering, the warm feathers and little exquisite brain.

A similar moment occurs repeatedly in *A Dog's Life*, set in Provence, the memoirs of Peter Mayle's dog, Boy, who, with immense cynicism and an archly knowing manner, recounts how he's managed all these years to manipulate his owners, the "Management." From time to time, this Anglo-French dog interrupts his reflections on, say, rosé wine, to consider the firm but yielding consistency of a squirrel's back leg or the tantalizing smell of live chickens:

> I made a mental note to pay them a visit.... The chicken, you see, is that happy combination of sport and nourishment. She runs and clucks in the most gratifying ways when chased, and is also very tasty once the feathers have been dealt with. A useful bird, unlike most of them.

What is amusing and slightly shocking is not only the brutality of these hyper-refined creatures but the suggestion that, if pets are assumed to be civilized like humans, then humans may be presumed to kill like pets. If sweet little things like Kiki, or clever ones like Boy, can kill without compunction or remorse, in high spirits, with good conscience and conscious delight, then why not the rest of us, so much less good-natured or refined. If marvelous animals like these can casually murder, then humans, who are so much like animals, may similarly be expected to kill for reasons of genetic difference, by virtue of caste or nationality or race—or simply for the pleasure of the crunch of bones. If pets, who are just like us, have natural enemies or traditional prey, why not us? Only the "natural" enemy is hunted by these otherwise peaceful, charming pets, but it is hunted ruthlessly, with mechanical cruelty. Whenever the radical heterogeneity between human and animals is erased, the door is open to brutally eugenicist arguments advanced under the guise of biological necessity or the authenticity of nature.

In the Science Section of *The New York Times*, under the headline, "SOCIAL CASTES FOUND TO BE NOT SO RARE IN NATURE," may be read the following:

> For years, an exclusive club made up of ants, bees, wasps and termites has ruled as the social elite of the animal world. The insects' well-run colonies of sterile workers devoted to serving their fat, fertile queen so impressed biologists as to acquire the scientific classification of social or "eusocial," [perfectly social] a distinction even humans cannot claim.

Animals are not only being assimilated to humans; they are being made into the destiny of humans, the entelechy of humanity in which it realizes its highest possibility. Eusocial animals are assumed to have achieved a degree of success as social animals that we ourselves, who invented the idea of society, have not attained, argue the socio-biologists. And this cooperative perfection is predicated on a caste system that attributes biologically determined functions to groups and assigns them an immutable place in a social hierarchy.

It is necessary to stop humanizing animals for fear that we start predicating animal attributes on humans. We ought to resist the anthropomorphism of real animals (as distinct, say, from Disney), which is practiced in pet stores and promoted by pet products. It is too often encouraged by veterinarians, who are probably only responding to the wishes of their clients. The mobilization of vast medical resources and expensive interventions ought not to be encouraged. Pet cemeteries ought not to encourage the marmoreal interment of animals. A dog should die like a dog, not cruelly, but with a respectful matter-of-factness, unaccompanied by the rituals of human mourning. As for cats, presumed to have nine lives, losing one is no catastrophe. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Sexual Violations

The current attention to Satyajit Ray, though magnificently deserved, could mislead us about the general tone of Indian film. It's only in small measure poetic and contemplative: in fact, no one measure at all could serve such a huge, diversified film culture. "Bollywood," a term for the commercial film complex centered on Bombay, has passed into the language—almost—but that's insufficient, too.

A trenchant example of one kind of non-Ray Indian film is **Bandit Queen** (Arrow). The title is accurate but slightly misleading: it suggests romance—the Old West or Clyde's Bonnie. But this is the true story of a woman who was released from prison in February 1994 at the age of 35 after eleven years' imprisonment for committing much robbery, some of it in the service of the poor, and considerable murder. Her name is Phoolan Devi, and she is now on the brink of a political career.

Bandit Queen was India's entry in the 1994 Academy Awards even though it was not at the time certified for release in India. (We're told that the ban is soon to be lifted.) I assume that India was proud of it as art and proud of its candor abroad about internal conditions, but considered it too risky at home. This was not because of violence, which, Ray and others notwithstanding, is common in Indian films but because it dramatizes wretched, provocative social conditions.

The story is taken from the prison diaries of Phoolan Devi, later called the Bandit Queen. The child of low-caste impoverished parents in central India, she was sold in marriage at the age of 11 for a bicycle and a cow. This was 1970, not 1470. Her husband, in his 20s, wanted her immediately for labor because his mother was too old to work, but sexually he couldn't wait for her to ripen. Soon after their marriage, despite her screams, he raped her. She ran away. This was a grave offense—her flight from her husband—no matter what the cause.

Her headstrong, hot-tempered way led her through manifold adventures, including more sexual violation, until she joined a gang of bandits. There she had her first willing sexual encounter, with the leader (who had rescued her from another rapist). That leader was killed, and Phoolan was taken prisoner by some upper-class men who gang-raped her for three days. Then she was made to parade around a village naked. (Nakedness is, apparently, unusual even between married people.) Ultimately she revenged herself bloodily on the upper caste that had brutalized her; and at last, plague that she was to the local government, she surrendered, in February 1983, on condition that some injustices to her caste be eliminated. Thousands gathered to watch her surrender and to cheer her. (Whether her conditions were fulfilled isn't mentioned.)

Phoolan is first played by young Sunita Bhatt, who is horrifying in her terror, moving in her resolve. The adult Phoolan is played by Seema Biswas, a member of a repertory company in New Delhi who has appeared in films that haven't been seen here. Short, wiry, fierce, Biswas convinces us that Phoolan doesn't give a damn about the odds against her, about the size and weight of the customs she has set out to battle. Her range, from the human rag with matted hair after the three-day ordeal to red-kerchiefed vibrant bandit leader, is credible, therefore astounding.

Shekhar Kapur, the director, is in clear command from Moment One. Kapur is around 40 and has had a varied career, as accountant in London, as film student there, as actor in Indian film and TV. He has made two previous features, one of them for children. Here he shows some American influence—for instance, carnage in slo-mo with a child looking on, à la Peckinpah—but he has found his own way to use great space as a complement for lone figures and for using masses of people to dramatize great space. The cinematographer, Ashok Mehta, is masterly. He clothes the film in colors that create mood without creating mush.

Now to another country with grave social problems—the United States. Heather MacDonald, a filmmaker of passion and skill, has directed a documentary called **Ballot Measure 9** (Zeitgeist) about the anti-gay-and-lesbian measure that was on the Oregon ballot in 1992. (Her picture is at the Film Forum in New York.) The measure was defeated 57 percent to 43 percent, but MacDonald takes little comfort in that result.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Dreaming of Rita. *Very amiable Swedish comedy about an old man (the excellent Per Oscarsson) who still has a crush on Rita Hayworth, which makes trouble for his family. (Reviewed 6/12/95)* **The Postman.** *Touching Italian comedy about Pablo Neruda's stay on Capri in 1952 and the friendship that develops between him and the postman who visits him daily. Philippe Noiret is pleasant as Neruda, Massimo Troisi is superb as the postman. (7/3/95)* **Smoke.** *Paul Auster's understated yet resonant screenplay follows some Brooklyn lives, including William Hurt's, that twine around a cigar store owned by Harvey Keitel. Wayne Wang directs with reticence and wit. (6/26/95)* **While You Were Sleeping.** *The best romantic farce in a long time. Sandra Bullock is a knockout as a young woman who pretends to be a comatose man's fiancée, then meets his wide-awake brother. (5/22/95)*—**SK**

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All the people who speak against the measure during the campaign—black and white and Native American and Asian American gays and lesbians, as well as some straight folk—are articulate and effective. So are some of the anti-gay people, especially Lon Mabon, head of the Oregon Citizens' Alliance, which backed the measure. But venom is the exclusive property of the anti-gay side, and it's frightening, whether it's in the mouth of Joe Sixpack or his white-collar co-zealot.

Violence is threatened during the campaign, and it happens. MacDonald, rightly, makes it salient in her film. All of us think we know something about gay-bashing, but perhaps we don't know as much as this picture shows us. During the campaign it became intense. (Against straight supporters, too. One straight woman has had to move twice.) Many gay people lived in absolute fear during the campaign: their cars were followed, offices were trashed, churches of sympathetic clergymen were desecrated, there were fires and beatings. In many parts of our country, it obviously takes physical as well as moral courage to be openly gay or openly to support equality for gays. And of course all this violence is ironic, if irony has any place in the matter: it needs no psychiatrist to see that a good deal of the opposition to gays and lesbians grows not from much-vaunted moral outrage but from buried insecurities.

After the measure's defeat, the matter was not settled: twenty-three local communities in Oregon have since enacted anti-gay measures. A number of other states have comparable measures in process. Self-preening moral rectitude is far from extinct.

Yet, apparently, there's some hope. According to an ACLU ad of June 11, a recent public opinion poll showed that more than 75 percent of the American public believes that same-sex relationships are the participants' business and that discrimination against them is wrong. "Even 80 percent of people who severely disapprove of lesbian and gay relationships also believe that such relationships are a private matter, and many express strong support for gay and lesbian rights."

Good news, surely, as far as it goes (as far as any poll can go), but hardly a reason to think that the struggle is won. If only thirteen out of every 100,000 people are murdered in New York state every year, that's nothing for New Yorkers to crow about. Just as one murder per year is far too many, so one instance of gay- or lesbian-bashing is a stain on a civilized world. MacDonald's forceful film strikes a blow for that world. •

A great painter, almost.

Whistler in the Dark

BY JOHN UPDIKE

As an expatriate, James McNeill Whistler was a purist. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834, and educated (somewhat) at West Point, he left America at the age of 21 and never came back. Not once; talk of a lecture tour like Oscar Wilde's came to nothing. Not for Whistler Henry James's bemused resurveyings of the American scene, or John Singer Sargent's enthusiastic discovery, late in life, of the American West. If Whistler's ghost, therefore, is able to squint down through its monocle into the sunny cauldron of summertime Washington, D.C., with its monumental glare and mobs of bare-kneed, T-shirted tourists, it must snort in astonishment to see itself at the center of the revels, the artistic toast, this season, of the capital.

He was here before, actually: in November 1854, after his discharge from West Point for deficiency in chemistry, he was appointed to a post in the drawing division of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, etching maps and plans. He lasted only a few months, and by the fall of 1855 had disembarked for the Old World. And Whistler is always at the Freer Gallery of Art, mixed in with the Orientalia collected by his patron Charles Freer, who, after making the artist's acquaintance in 1890, acquired a number of his better paintings as well as the sumptuous, claustrophobic Peacock Room, a dining room extensively and extravagantly decorated by Whistler for another patron, Frederick R. Leyland. Leyland enlisted himself in the ample ranks of Whistler's enemies by balking at the price (2,000 guineas) that the artist

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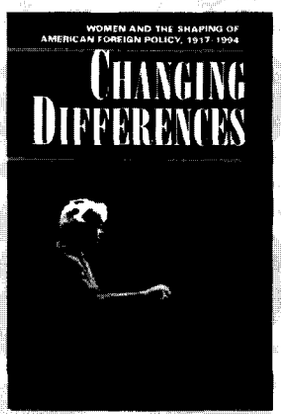

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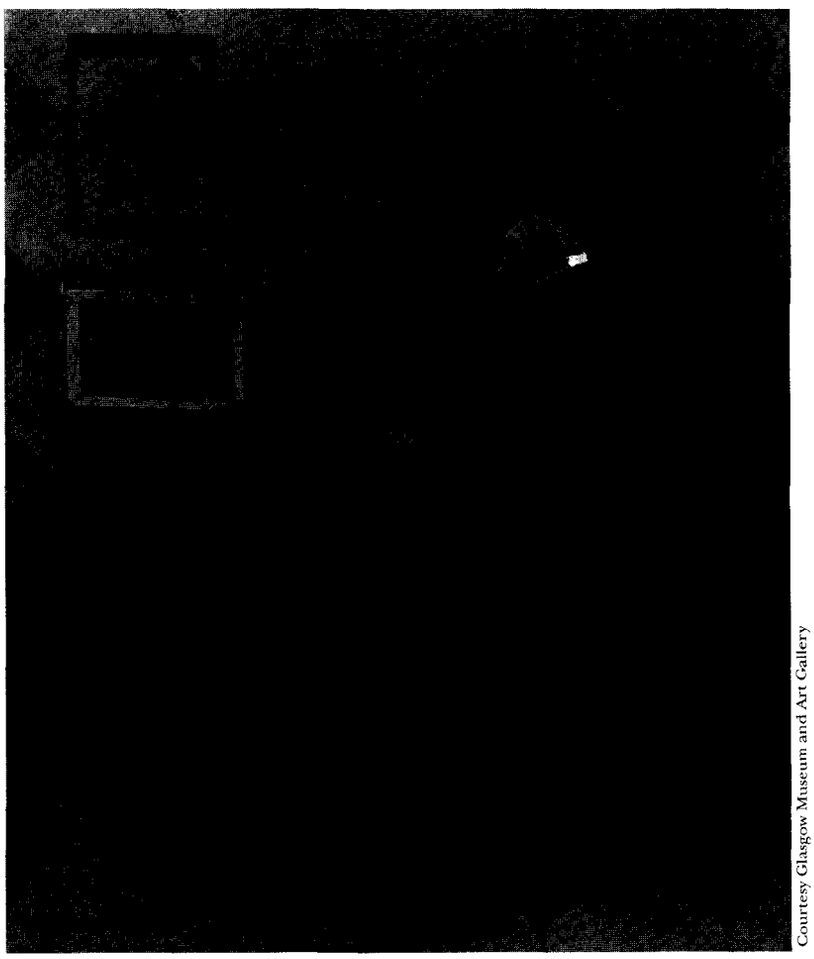
asked for his proliferating decorations; he had stretched into nearly a year's labor what Leyland had expected, a letter from him states, to be "the work of comparatively few days," and may have been dabbling as well at Leyland's wife, Frances, who later confided to a friend that she wished she had married him.

For this Whistler summer, the Freer has set up a pleasing small exhibition, "Whistler and Japan," displaying Japanese prints and objects that the artist, a collector since 1863, had owned; some of the prints were incorporated in his painting *Caprice in Purple and Gold: The Golden Screen* (1864-65), showing an Occidental model posed and costumed as a Japanese courtesan. *Variations in Flesh Colour and Green: The Balcony* (1864-70) contains the same uneasy, theatrical blend of model and kimono. In echo of Hiroshige's scenes of the Edo pleasure district, four models are disposed, with a splash of pale daubed blossoms and a Whistler butterfly in a cartouche, upon a flat gray balcony floor innocent of perspective, while the Thames and the smoky industrial profile of South London recede into the incongruous background. These paintings, like Monet's *La Japonaise* in the next decade, force *japonisme* upon us, but without Monet's overt humor.

A better-digested *japonisme* shows up in Whistler's nocturnal landscapes of the 1870s, which, whether located in Valparaiso or Bognor or Chelsea—"nocturnes" all at the Freer—slip away, under cover of night, from perspective altogether, all parts of the canvas in the general obscurity seeming equally close to the eye. Japanese prints and calligraphy and decorative objects reinforced, one feels, a predisposition of Whistler's toward the gestural and delicate, toward blank spaces and a quiet, restricted palette. Placed among the Western painter's various, frequently sketchy work at the Freer, the woodblock prints of Hiroshige and Utamaro and Hokusai make little islands of settled convention and mannerly confidence, at a far pole from Whistler's restless and—in the frieze-like "symphony" series—perilously flimsy experimentation.

Some blocks to the north, at the National Portrait Gallery, can be found an entertaining array of depictions of Whistler, who was, we are told, "the single most portrayed artist prior to the twentieth century." The artist as self-dramatizer dates back at least to the sonnets of Michelangelo, but dainty, peppery Whistler was an early modern master of projecting the artist's own image. The butterfly signature first appeared in the late 1860s. The monocle, the upstanding little lock of prematurely white hair, the sub-labial facial tuft and the languidly held cigarette were all in place by the mid-1870s. These dashing features made him all too easy to caricature—even as a round-headed mallstick by Alfred Bryan in 1884, and as a faun by Aubrey Beardsley in the early 1890s. One wonders if so readily purveyed an image, and such publicity-getting incidents as the dispute with Leyland, the onstage caricature of Whistler as Pygmalion Flippit in "The Grasshopper," and his 1878 lawsuit for libel against John Ruskin, did not distract the public from Whistler's serious work and get the critics' backs up.



Courtesy Glasgow Museum and Art Gallery

ARRANGEMENT IN GREY AND BLACK, NO. 2: PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CARLYLE, 1872-73

Ruskin's provocation is commonly supposed to be his having described Whistler as, in *Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket*, "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." But the more offensive language came earlier in the sentence: "I have seen, and heard, much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The language is snobbish and overwrought—Whistler was 3,000 miles from being a London-born cockney—and Ruskin at this point in his life was too mentally unstable to appear in court for his own defense. It was an unfortunate twist that the champion of Turner, the one English precedent for Whistler's daring renderings of pure light and appearance, should have been so blind to the merits of the younger artist's elegant nocturnes, and so savage in denunciation, saying that the gallery "ought not to have admitted works ... in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of willful imposture." Was he reviewing the paintings or Whistler's insistent, impudent image?

Among the 100 or so representations at the National Gallery, beginning with photographs and watercolors when Whistler was around 10 years old, few break through the image to give us a sense of the man. Henri Fantin-Latour's oil portrait in 1865 caught the thoughtful, pale face before the arrogant mask was quite locked on; Abel Corwin in 1880 in a rapid monotype rendered a grizzled, weary profile; and Mortimer Menpes, Whistler's assistant and pupil throughout the 1880s, in a series of skillful drypoint etchings shows us a somewhat bulkier Whistler than we are used to, a man not only witty but merry. But the rather primitive portraits by Whistler's handyman Walter Greaves are all icon, more than 100 of them, many of them turned out long after Greaves and Whistler had parted company, and four

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of them showing him painting *Whistler's Mother* on the historically fabulous level of Washington crossing the Delaware. William Merritt Chase's well-known heroic portrait of 1885 (in the show's catalog but not in the show), executed with an imitation of Whistler's style more vigorous than the original, is also fundamentally iconic: Whistler as dandy, in the thin but potent line of somewhat wacky American artist-dandies that runs through Whistler from Poe to Pound. Like Wilde before his disgrace, Whistler came to symbolize the Aesthete, reassuringly eccentric and laughably vain. Only the photographs give us Whistler aging, a plucky small man whose income never matched his notoriety, whose work was dogged by harsh dismissals, and whose health ever since childhood attacks of rheumatic fever had been less than robust.

The center ring of the Whistler circus is to be found between the Freer and the Portrait Gallery, in the National Gallery, whose west wing will house until August 20 over 200 works previously exhibited at the Tate in London and the Musée d'Orsay in Paris. The clattering herds, many of them adolescents crazed by hours cooped in sightseeing buses, pour through, pausing only to stand for a tittering moment of recognition before *Arrangement in Grey and Black: Portrait of the Painter's Mother* (1871), the most famous American painting in the world and one of the select company of works of art—others are the *Mona Lisa*, the *Venus de Milo* and Munch's *The Scream*—whose celebrity can be said to be blinding.

If we could see it, *Whistler's Mother* would reveal itself as in fact one of his best paintings, a product of those happy early 1870s when Whistler's aversion to color and paint still left him some room for maneuver. Though not as unified in mood as its thoroughly subdued companion, *Arrangement in Grey and Black, No. 2: Portrait of Thomas Carlyle* (1872-73), the portrait of his mother strikes a smart balance of blacks and whites, presents in profile a real face, both stony and ruddy, and has some passages of brushwork, such as the flurry of lace and linen in the sitter's lap, around her hands, not unworthy of Whistler's idol Velázquez. The comedy in the stern pose—the cameo of a mother primly refusing to look at her son—may be what has caught the popular imagination, but the formal refinement of the large canvas is no doubt what led the Musée de Luxembourg to purchase it, for a modest 4,000 francs, in 1891. Earlier that year the portrait of Carlyle had been sold to the Corporation of Glasgow,

ART SCENES *Galleries, Exhibits, and Events*

Terry Dintenfass Gallery 50 West 57th Street, NYC, 10019, 212-581-2268. 20th Century American Art. Summer hours: Monday through Fridays 10:00-5:30 pm. Current exhibition through July, Robert Andrew Parker "Words and Pictures: A Thirty Year Retrospective of Watercolors and Works on Paper." Also on view are works by Will Barnet, Bret Bigbee, Arthur Dove, Philip Evergood, Antonio Frasconi, Sidney Goodman, William King, Jacob Lawrence, Nina Levy and Horace Pippin.

Swann Galleries 104 East 25th Street, NYC, 10010 212-254-4710.
AUCTIONS: June 22: Two-part sale of Modern Literature and Photographic Literature. Highlights: Hemingway's first book, *Three Stories and Ten Poems*, Paris, 1923; and Alfred Stieglitz's first portfolio, *Picturesque Bits of New York and Other Studies*, New York 1897. June 29: Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Literature from the Inventory of Fantasy Archives. August 2: Annual Summer Poster sale including American, English, French, Italian, Dutch, German, and Russian works with emphasis on Belle Epoch, Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Travel, British Rail, Automobiles, and Literary posters. Please call for preview hours, newsletter with full auction schedule, and to order catalogues with absentee bid forms.

E.M. Donahue 560 Broadway, #304, NYC, 10012, 212-226-1111. Tuesday through Saturday, 10-6. *The Sensual World*: Avi Adler, Vanessa Haney, Nachume Miller, Robin Otterback. "The thoughtfulness behind these compositions and their visual clarity testify to the sophisticated intellect and assuredness of artists who have struggled to achieve them." June 8 through July 14.

Mimi Ferzt Gallery 114 Prince Street, NYC, 10012, 212-343-9377. Monday-Sunday, 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Mihail Chemiakin, *Bronze*, June 23-July 22. Retrospective of Chemiakin's bronze sculpture ranging from 1964 to 1995. On view are 30 works including wall relief, figurative sculptures and two monumental bronze sculptures that will be presented in the Hermitage Museum Exhibition in October 1995. Month of August, group show of Russian contemporary artists.

Forum Gallery 745 Fifth Avenue at 57th Street, NYC, 10151, 212-355-4545. Summer Hours (June-August): Monday-Friday 10am-5:30 pm. NEW LOOKS: RECENT CONTEMPORARY FIGURATIVE PAINTING AND SCULPTURE: Presents current work by prominent figurative artists William Beckman, Kent Bellows, Cesar Galicia, Gregory Gillespie, Carlo Maria Mariani, Scott Prior, Laura Ziegler, and others.

Anita Shapolsky Gallery 99 Spring Street, NYC, 212-334-9755. Wednesday through Saturday, 11:00-6:00; Tuesday by appointment. Gallery I: Ernest Briggs, Clement Meadmore, William Saroyan. Gallery II: Group Show: J. Bohary, R. Draffen, C. Hunt, H. Leigh, O. Rayo, S. Twardowicz, E. Van der Grijn. The gallery is proud to present the first American showing of abstract paintings and drawings of the 1960s by renowned writer, the late William Saroyan, and powerful abstract works of the same period by Ernest Briggs and Clement Meadmore. Through June 3. Upcoming exhibit: Animals, Animals. June 9 through September 23.

Janos Gat Gallery 572 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10151, 212-354-4402. By appointment. The classics of Hungarian art and contemporary artists of similar strengths from the world over. A show of new acquisitions by artists as diverse as Mednyanszky, Farkas, Roman, or Gedo from Hungary, and Julian Beck or Carol Ross from New York, presenting Janos Gat Gallery's view of a parallel art history. The art work on view is part of the Gallery's loans to museum exhibits presented in the current year in Hungary, Israel and the US.

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Whistler's first sale to a public collection. Compared to the prim, vigilant mother, Carlyle seems sunken, in expression and in overall tone. Whistler's affection for low-keyed lighting and shadowy monotone found no spark of resistance in the melancholy old philosopher.

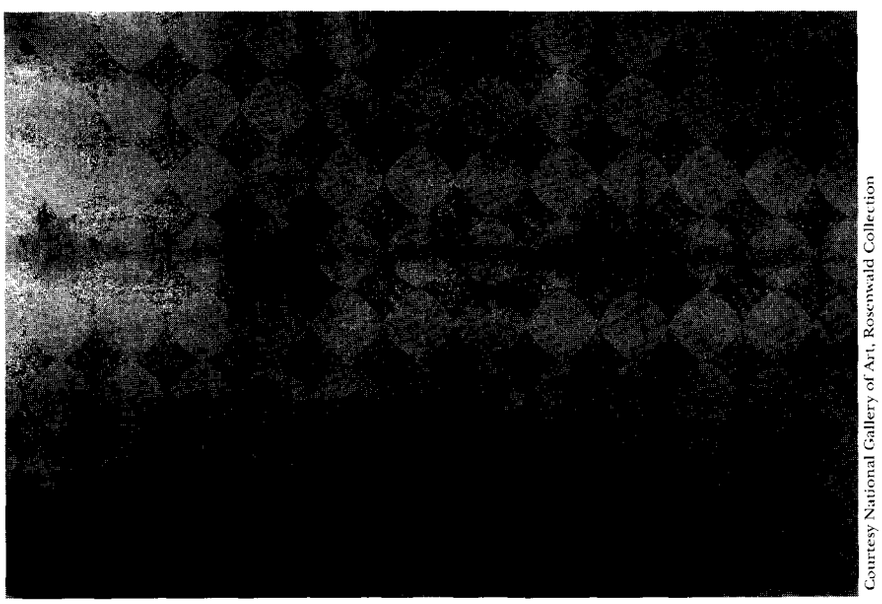
The portrait of a patron's young daughter, *Harmony in Grey and Green: Miss Cicely Alexander* (1872-74) foundered on a subject's suppressed liveliness: over seventy sessions of several hours each often reduced the child to tears and produced an expression, on the overworked yet not quite integrated face, of plain sulkiness. The fabrics in the picture, however, are masterly, from the semi-transparency of dotted muslin dress, the texture of the felt hat that she holds with its diaphanous feather, and the dashingly scrubbed-in coat tossed on a bench in the background. In a later large portrait, *Arrangement in Yellow and Grey: Effie Deans* (1876-78), Whistler's attention has quite wandered away from the face of the model (his mistress, the long-suffering Maud Franklin, costumed as Walter Scott's Effie Deans) and searched out the dramatic folds of her long skirt. In his absorption in the nuances of color to be uncovered in the dull gray-green cloth, he approaches the blocky, cool tonal juxtapositions of Cézanne.

Whistler resembles Cézanne in little except their indifference to humanity, whether found in individual physiognomy or the nude body. To think of Whistler's nudes in relation to Degas's, or his faces in relation to Sargent's, is to confront an almost frightening lack of interest, of that excitement which generates specificity. In his *Arrangement in Black, No. 2: Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth* (1872-73), the head is a tiny capstone to a slag flow of black on black; the portrait of the actor Henry Irving (1876) and of himself full-length (1895-1900) both struggle to emerge at all from the overall yellowy dullness of the canvas. All marks of individuation have been achieved, one feels, in spite of the painter's quest for an impersonal perfection. He taxed his sitters with many long sittings and frequently wiped away sections of the canvas and began over again.

As to his few nudes, the late pencil-and-watercolor *Dancing Girl* (1895-90) makes a hefty, brown, ambiguously veiled impression of honest flesh, and the early etching *Venus* (1859) is well observed; but in the Freer Gallery's *Venus* (c. 1868) almost everything that makes a woman's body female has been eliminated. Also at the Freer, *Venus Rising from the Sea* (1869-70) is vague as well, but more suggestively, with the lambency of calendar art, and *Harmony in Blue and Gold: The Little Blue Girl* (1894-1903) shows a wingless fairy, her body slender as a dragonfly's, with tapering wispy legs never designed to bear weight. Though his busy love life testifies to a healthy interest in women, their flesh was not a locus for his concept of beauty.

Well, what *did* interest Whistler? The first room of the National Gallery exhibit holds one ambitious and complex canvas, *Wapping* (1860-64), which aims at greatness. Three foreground figures sit at a table before a complex harbor scene of boats big and small, sails furled and unfurled, seaside houses and, strikingly, dark lines of rigging. Ships and bridges and unsettled water—whose rendition in paint gave rise, a decade later, to the vibrant brushstrokes of Impressionism—excited Whistler, and spiky, upreaching rows of gaff-rigged sails, as in *Battersea Reach* (c. 1863), served as a motif both realistic and decorative. In *Wapping*, the activity of the London docks has a packed quality, an energetic tightness, present over at the Freer in *The Thames in Ice* (1860) and the domestic *Harmony in Green and Rose: The Music Room* (1860-1861).

This last, with its big irregular black silhouette stark as a cutout, and its curious reflected figure in the mirror on the left, is a weird work, but its weirdness feels like the honest outcome of a wrestle. Following Courbet and Manet, Whistler was searching out a new realism and trying to catch painting up with the newly propagated photographic version of what we see—the crowded, unselected details, the spontaneous overlappings and eclipses. What painting once delivered with a good conscience—a sense of tableau, of human drama—Whistler is unable to deliver. The three figures of *The Music Room* are as oblivious of one another as three pieces of a non-fitting puzzle, and the three foreground figures of *Wapping*, over whose disposition and expression he struggled with much overprinting, are equally disassociated. He had in a mind a lusty dockside parley, and posed his own mistress, Joanna Hiffern, as a "jolly gal," a letter of his stated, with "a superlatively whorish air," but in the final version she is so worked-over and blurred as to be expressionless, and the two men with her are far off in their own mental space. What rings out are the dark interwoven lines of mast and spar and rigging; thanks in part to his mapmaking days, Whistler was a consummate etcher, and ink—its sharpness, its blackness—haunts these two paintings.



Courtesy National Gallery of Art, Rosenwald Collection

NOCTURNE, 1879-80

When, in *The Coast of Brittany* (1861), he attempts a sun-soaked plein-air scene, the effect is very clumsy; the rocks look outlined and the colors as stiff and friable as van Gogh's. He needed, as a painter, to stay out of the sun. It was a happy inspiration, at the very time in the early 1870s when his gift for gray portraiture was at its peak, to go rowing on the darkling Thames and, in the style of Japanese master, reduce his impressions, back in his studio, to marvelously simple, middle-sized oils, executed with the speed and transparency of watercolors. These nocturnes are the one mode in which no one equaled, let alone surpassed, him. The mists and ambiguity of night were his pictorial element, in which his etcher's skills and aesthete's minimalism combined to bring something truly new onto canvas. He did them, at first, from a window—his hotel window overlooking the pier in Valparaiso yielded both the fine nocturne in the Freer and a

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daytime view on display at the National Gallery, and his studio window in Chelsea gave him some high river views. But a greater intimacy and abstraction emerged when he began, with the faithful Greaves brothers at the oars, to glide about the Thames, making pencil sketches and leaving the execution up to retrospect and his consummate sense of design.

The lights of the raffish Cremorne Gardens, London's last public pleasure park, dot the milky green-blue of river breadth in *Nocturne: Blue and Silver—Cremorne Lights* (1872), and the painting that occasioned the Ruskin trial was entitled *Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rockets* (1875). In that trial Whistler testified, "By using the word 'nocturne' I wished to indicate an artistic interest alone, divesting the picture of any outside anecdotal interest which might have been otherwise attached to it. A nocturne is an arrangement of line, form, and colour first." Nevertheless, we react to them a bit differently than we do to Rothko's hovering panels or Barnet Newman's stripes, though Whistler approached their extremity of abstraction; part of our pleasure lies in recognizing bridges and buildings in the mist, and in sensing the damp riverine silence, the glimmering metropolitan presence.

One of the most exquisite in the Washington show is loaned from the White House: *Nocturne* (1870-1877). The two golden ovals so dramatically extended in the reflecting water belong not, as we may think, to Big Ben but to "Morgan's Folly," a gigantic illuminated clock tower beside a crucible works in Battersea; these faces return in the fuzziest and most featureless of all the nocturnes here, *Nocturne: Grey and Silver* (1873-75). The painting, a single black blurred stripe of urban shore, is additionally daring in that the sky and sea are no shade of blue but instead an improbable but persuasive neon green. Human vision is here taken to its limits, and modern painting, as a set of sensations realized in paint, is achieved.

Yet Whistler had thirty more years to go, and the remaining galleries are relatively unsatisfying. As a theorist he posed the right questions, but gave weak answers. He correctly saw that Western painting had exhausted pictorial narrative, whether the anecdote was mythological, historical, folksy/domestic or, as with the pre-Raphaelites, neo-medieval, and he was the first to seize upon Japanese art as a clue to the future, when the abyss of three-dimensional perspective opened by the Renaissance would be sealed shut by the frankly two-dimensional canvas. But by instinct and doctrine he declined to walk through the door to the future, which was color. He knew it was, as his tediously long titles, naming the colors like musical keys, demonstrate; but nature is rarely as mono- or duochromatic as Whistler would have it. White, black, gray and gray's dun brothers were his pets, while across the Channel the rainbow beat on the sun-hats of Monet and Cézanne. They are the heroes who brought painting gloriously into the twentieth century, not Whistler, who remains a piquant loner, a crepuscular dead end.

In painting, ease is not the least of virtues, and Whistler was too often uneasy, tentative and muddy. His chalk-and-pastel representations of Venice, from 1879-80, are finely drawn but rely for color upon mere spot indications, as if the eye like a computer could supply light and atmosphere from these hints, or like a hardened concertgoer could hum the melody from the first four notes. His figure drawings on dark brown paper are similarly attenuated. Only in his tiny seascapes did he carry the color to the corners. He could always draw, and there are a number of fine etchings and lithographs from his latter decades, and some striking full-length portraits, done in black and gray—*Mother of Pearl and Silver: The Andalusian* (1888-1900) and *Portrait of George W. Vanderbilt* (1897-1903). The number of years enclosed by parentheses, and the unfinished or scrubbed-in portions of the portraits, show how hard a time Whistler had satisfying himself. The exact tone, the precise pitch of restraint and omission, became more and more difficult for him to strike.

Still, *Nocturne in Grey and Gold—Piccadilly* (1881-83) is a marvel of restricted means: an apparently inchoate snarl of dark brushstrokes in the middle of some gray patches perfectly resolves into a horse and carriage on a hazily window-lined city street. He did the ineffable: he painted fog. In he girl who sat for *The Little Rose of Lyme Regis* (1895), Whistler found a face he could steadily look into, though the child's hands are grotesquely small. Children and fog, empty sea and the dark, sitters with their faces averted—Whistler, though his image was cocky and brazen, as a painter was shy. The butterfly seems fragile, pinned this summer to the center of the Washington glare.

JOHN UPDIKE is the author most recently of *The Afterlife and Other Stories* (Knopf).

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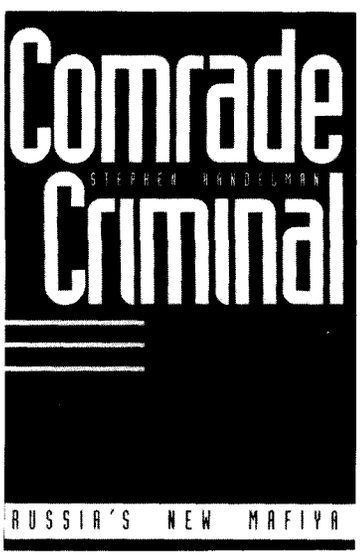

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The Devil in the Details

BY BRENT D. SHAW

The Origin of Satan by Elaine Pagels

(Random House, 214 pp., $23)

"Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth and taste.... Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name." The words, sung by a modern-day exponent of the "devil's music," urge an unexpected sympathy for Satan's fate. For the Devil has languished long in an unenviable position: an important historical actor who garishly has had to flag his own appearances on the stage of history and pray that he will be recognized. Peruse all the available histories of the Roman empire, for example, and you will not once encounter a reference to one of its leading characters. This is *Hamlet* without the Prince. Gibbon, it is true, allocated a significant role to the culpable Christians, and therefore to their God, and therefore, one must presume, to their God's opposite; but in this respect, as in other respects, Gibbon cuts a lonely figure among the historians of that inflamed age.

But no more. Satan has arrived. In an age marked by "evil empires" abroad and "satanic ritual abuse" at home, it seems appropriate that one of the main characters of our civilization is finally receiving the scholarly attention that he deserves. Elaine Pagels's book is an attempt to understand how it was that a bit-player, one of God's helper angels known in Hebrew as *satan* (he who accuses, who blocks, who is an adversary), came to be a major player in a cosmic drama. His original name was translated into Greek as *diabolos* and thence, via Latin, came our "diabolical" and "devil."

As with Pagels's earlier books, *The Gnostic Gospels* and *Adam, Eve, and the Serpent*, her new book has the virtue of presenting a single thesis dramatically, with elegant simplicity, and then variously replaying it. Pagels begins with the acknowledged fact that Christianity arose in the first century as a Jewish sect in an environment of vicious sectarian strife that favored ever starker distinctions between good and evil. Like their contemporaries in the Dead Sea sect called the Essenes, she argues, the earliest members of the Jesus movement saw themselves as the true "remnant" of Israel, and so they branded all the "others" as agents of the forces of darkness. In this early and extreme polarization, Pagels contends, sectarian movements came to identify themselves in their siege mentality as "the good ones" and the others as "the bad ones," indeed the "evil ones." Thus, in her view, began the tragic demonization of "the other" that was to have such catastrophic effects in Western history.

It has always been the case that those closest to us, our ideological and cultural brethren, are hated and feared the most. (Freud called this "the narcissism of little differences," though the phenomenon is not usually so polite.) And so it was, according to Pagels, that in the earliest phase of the Jesus movement, when it was just a Jewish sectarian following, those who were "closest" to the new believers—the rabbinical leaders of Jewish society after the catastrophic war with the Romans in 66-70 CE—were the ones whom the Christians demonized and identified with Satan. They drew this absolute distinction because they were fighting over common ground: the conversion of fellow Jews.

As the Christian movement spiraled outward over the Mediterranean, moreover, and vastly increased its membership among non-Jews, new "intimate enemies" were added to the list and satanized in turn. Faced with hostility and persecution from their "pagan" neighbors, Christians used the same device to brand all non-Christians as satanic and all forces directed against them as the forces of the Devil. And finally the religious revolution devoured its own. As Christians became a more dominant force in the society of that time, they turned inward on themselves—on unorthodox and heretical thinkers, ideas, communities and movements—and anathematized these others as servants of an absolutely evil force commanded by Satan.

It will be apparent that Pagels's book owes rather a lot to the contemporary obsession with the study of sameness and difference. She claims two things: first, that the creation and the continuing deployment of the Devil in Christian discourse is primarily motivated by the need to define one's religious community by the labeling of various "others" as quintessentially evil; and second, that this etymological definition is transhistorical, in the sense that it explains an unfortunate feature of the whole history of Christianity. Pagels traces the terrible effects of this satanic impulse, from Martin Luther's vituperative attacks on Catholics, Jews and rebellious peasants to the horrors of Marx's millennialism. In her view, the driving force behind the creation of the Devil is the fact that "the figure of Satan becomes, among other things, a way of characterizing one's actual enemies as the embodiment of transcendent forces." But that "among other things" is troublesome. For it is far from clear that Pagels is right, that this really is the origin of Satan; and it is even less clear that the "social history" and development of the Devil is adequately treated by such an account.

Pagels grounds her argument on an extensive analysis of the Gospel narratives of the trial and the execution of Jesus. But the use of satanic beings and demonic themes in the castigation of one's religious and ethnic opponents already had a long history in internecine Jewish conflicts. Why does she start with the Gospel material? She argues that it is necessary to begin with these specific texts because the war between the Jews and Romans in 66-70 CE was the decisive turning point in the development of early Christian communities. The war and its aftermath harshly polarized relations between the followers of Jesus and other Jews.

Moreover, she dates the composition of the Gospels to this contentious period, beginning with the Gospel of Mark, which she assigns to the last years of the war itself. Pagels asserts that the increasing hostility between the emergent Christian sect and the leaders of the postwar Jewish communities in Judaea and Syria created the need for the Devil as we know him. Satan had existed previously in Hebrew tradition, to be sure; but Pagels believes that the special fraternal hatreds of these years led to the creation of a "new" Devil, as it were, a Devil who divided the religious world into "us" and "them" and was the personification of the absolute evil found in "them."

It is important for Pagels's argument that Mark be the earliest Gospel, that it reflect the most primitive stage in the development of Satan, where the

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conflicts between Christians and Jews were still very much an in-house quarrel within the "people of God." In Mark, according to Pagels, the identification of Jesus's opponents with Satan is muted, since Mark is not "motivated by malice toward the Jewish leaders" and therefore "stops far short of the extent to which Matthew, Luke and John will go to blame the Jewish leaders for the crucifixion." Pagels claims that the text of Matthew, written a decade or more later, reflects a new situation in which the increased tensions caused by Christian successes in conversion provoked attacks on Christian communities by Jewish authorities. Hence the Pharisees, the rabbinical leaders of Jewish society at this time, are retroactively portrayed by Matthew as Jesus's main enemies and are more clearly identified with a satanic opposition to his mission. Then Luke "goes further than Mark and Matthew in making explicit the connection between Jesus's Jewish enemies and the 'evil one,' the devil." And the Gospel of John, written around 100 CE, represents the final stage in this primal process of diabolization; in John it is no longer any specific group in Jewish leadership that is stigmatized as demonic, but Jews in general.

Once this pattern was set, it was a small and logical step to deploy the same demonizing power of the Devil to castigate other close or "intimate" enemies of Christians as allies of Satan and forces of evil in the world. This demonization of religious enemies was very powerful, Pagels asserts, because the theme of the "children of God" versus the "children of Satan" could be linked to a very old tradition in Jewish—indeed, Near Eastern—mythology of a cosmic conflict between the forces of good and the forces of evil commanded by two divine contestants. Not too far beneath the apparently personal confrontations between Jesus and the Devil in the Gospels was the specter of a cosmic and apocalyptic war. These powerful linkages ineluctably turned one's religious enemies into soldiers in the army of darkness, servants of a master diabolical general who had to be resisted at any cost by the forces of light.

A great deal of Pagels's book is devoted to arguing what most historians already accept: that the various Gospel accounts of the trials and the execution of Jesus were tendentiously written so as to exculpate Roman authorities and to place most, if not all, of the blame on the Jewish authorities, or, in the case of the Gospel of John, on Jews in general. And yet it is an overreaction to go all the way to the opposite extreme and to argue, as Pagels does, that Jesus's "real" enemies were solely the Roman authorities, that the confection in the Gospels is entirely mistaken. Pagels's denial of the historicity of Jesus's hearing before the Sanhedrin fails to grasp that this gathering was an informal, if powerful, body that was perfectly capable of making its own investigations into matters that it deemed important; and that neither members of the Sanhedrin nor Roman governors were constrained to follow anything like proper "judicial procedure." The general facts concerning the hearings of the Sanhedrin, of Jesus's trial before the Roman governor and the manner and modes of his execution, are perfectly concordant with what is known from other historical sources about criminal trial proceedings in the Roman provinces, including Judaea.

Courtesy The University of Michigan, Ann Arbor (Sinai Archives; Courtesy of the Michigan-Princeton-Alexandria Expedition to Mount Sinai)

MOUNT SINAI, MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE; ICON OF THE LADDER OF VIRTUE OF JOHN CLIMACUS, 12TH CENTURY

Even accepting Pagels's dating of the Gospels and her claims about their social context, however, it is not at all clear that the enemies of the Christians as she construes them are really reflected in the Gospel accounts. Pagels's characterization of the purpose of the Gospel of Matthew (and of the role of Satan in it) as a specific attack on Pharisaic Judaism is something of a stretch. At the beginning and at the end of his work, Matthew includes both the Sadducees (or "scribes," the religious "party" identified with the Temple bureaucracy) and the Pharisees among Jesus's opponents. At the end of the text, first the Sadducees (Matthew 22: 23-33) and then the Pharisees (22: 34-46) try to trap him. Having refuted both groups, Jesus turns on both of them, and excoriates both of them no less than six times. It is both groups whom he calls vipers and condemns to hell. This is a scenario that does not fit particularly well with the claim that the work dates to a time after 80 CE when the Sadducees were wholly in eclipse.

The other evidence that Pagels adduces to limit the hostility to Jesus in the Gospel of Matthew to the Pharisees is cited rather selectively. She quotes Matthew 10:17, in which Jesus predicts that his followers will be persecuted by councils and synagogues. This part of the quotation is accurate. But she does not give the lines immediately following, which explicitly state that secular powers, including Roman governors and emperors, would also be involved. Nor is there anything especially "Matthaean" or anti-Pharisaic about the prediction,

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since it appears in almost the same form in the Gospels of Mark (13: 9-13) and Luke (21: 12-19).

To the extent that the "Sadducees" and the "Pharisees" appear in the Gospel writers, they do indeed represent "the Jews" as particularly dangerous persons who were likely to betray Christians to Roman authorities. But the form of demonic identification in which this hatred is expressed does not fit well with any religious conflict between Rabbinic Judaism and Christianity in immediate post-70 Judaea. Indeed, it is very doubtful that the marginal sect of the Christians had much impact in their homeland at this time, or evoked much attention from early rabbinical leaders (and Pagels provides no evidence that there was an intense interest, and a concomitant animosity, from the rabbis in Palestine).

Pagels then claims that Luke significantly strengthens the connections between Jesus's Jewish enemies and Satan, and that these progressive developments reach a climax in the Gospel of John, where "the Jews" as a whole are seen as Jesus's enemies and cross-identified with Satan. But this is not as profound a change as it might seem at first sight. I suggest that the reason why John says "Jews" where Matthew, Mark and Luke make finer distinctions, speaking of "Sadducees" or "Pharisees," is simply John's different point of regard. He is writing for an external, non-Jewish readership. This is shown rather clearly by his constant need to interpret Jewish customs or institutions for his audience. Thus he patiently explains that the word "rabbi" means "teacher"; that Jews and Samaritans do not share dishes together; that water jars at the wedding at Cana are "the type the Jews used for purification"; that Passover is "a festival of the Jews." It is primarily for this reason that John groups all the divergent threats to Jesus under a single ethnic heading, and not because of the supposed development of an increased hostility or special demonization. The answer is plain in the narrative.

To sustain her interpretation, Pagels must also subscribe to a starkly simple version of "blame" for the execution of Jesus. Having rightly noted the tendency of the Gospel writers to exculpate the Roman authorities and to shift the responsibility for the execution to Jewish authorities, she proceeds to the untenable position that it was solely the Roman authorities who were "responsible." This is moralism doing the work of historical analysis. The actual situation in first-century Judaea was complicated, and there were many parties, factions, classes and interest groups that would have been implicated in the execution of Jesus in the harsh political, sectarian and cultural conflicts that ravaged this society under foreign occupation and domination.

In first-century Judaea, a wide range of people collaborated for reasons that ran a wide gamut from interest to idealism. And the Gospel writers were not, in any event, concerned with providing a Rankean replay of "what actually happened" in the mid-'30s CE. The surviving epigraphical books of the New Testament impart the unmistakable impression that the selective memory of the early Christians had quietly repressed the disturbing details of the trials and the execution of Jesus. The current memory of him was mainly the memory of his moral precepts. The Gospel accounts had to be produced in later circumstances in which it seemed necessary to recover these painful episodes in detail.

In fact, the chronological premise of Pagels's thesis ought to be questioned as severely as the theory about Satan that she builds on it. Her reconstruction of the origins of Satan through her first four chapters (fully three-quarters of her book) rests on a traditional scholarly dating and configuration of the "Gospel" accounts of the life of Jesus, beginning with Mark (which she dates to about 70), followed by Matthew and Luke (about a decade or so later), and finally by John. This hypothetical reconstruction of the interrelationship and the dating of the Gospels is a fragile, if massively elaborated, edifice that cannot withstand scrutiny.

It is based on the thesis that literary similarities between certain of the Gospel accounts indicates borrowings between them, with the consequence that each Gospel account can be dated with respect to the others. Such a literary analysis holds, for example, that the stripped-down "bare" account in Mark must be the earliest, and that the more complex and philosophically learned account in John must be the latest. But putative literary borrowings of this type cannot indicate dates of final composition. Linguistic, social and historical context remains our only good guide to the "when" of the Gospel accounts. The most useful question is: What historical context might be likely to impel "biographies" of the founder of the Christian movement that highlighted his betrayal to Roman authorities, his trial and his execution? Pagels's answer is, the war between the Jews and the Romans in 66-70 CE. And so she calls the Gospels "wartime literature." This is improbable. And it is precisely the special place of the Devil in the Gospels that shows otherwise.

We should begin by considering the function of the Devil in the New Testament books outside the Gospels themselves. The usual context in which Satan or the Devil enters into the earliest dated texts of the New Testament, mainly the letters of Paul, is in moral admonitions to nascent Christian communities in the eastern Mediterranean. The Devil is seen to represent the moral pitfalls into which husbands and wives, young women and widows, might fall, especially in sexual, marital and family matters. Compared to these functions of Satan, the number of references that have anything to do with stigmatizing "the other," or identifying Christians as opposed to Jews or "pagans" or anyone else at all, are truly nugatory. Images of the Devil and Satan are used primarily to identify bad behavior in pastoral situations affecting the intimate relations between members of the early Christian communities.

The problem for Pagels's thesis is that this same pastoral role for Satan is found throughout the later books of the New Testament, too, and those books cannot be tied to the circumstances of the Roman-Jewish war that ended in 70. There is only one book in the New Testament that consistently breaks this pattern of a Satan who is used to enforce internal church discipline, only one book that clearly meets Pagels's criterion of a Satan used for labeling "the other": the book of Revelation, or the Apocalypse. And in this baffling text, there are two different pictures of Satan or the Devil.

In the earlier chapters of Revelation, Satan is identified with the persecution of Christians in the cities of Asia Minor (including Ephesus, Pergamum, Thyatira and Philadelphia) and with the involvement of Jews in these attacks. It is in this connection that Jews and synagogues are first consistently and explicitly identified with satanic forces. The second diabolical theme in Revelation is that of the great cosmic battle between God and Satan, who is now identified with the Leviathan, the Dragon and the Sea Monster. So here begins the peculiar combination of labeling of the other as the quintessential evil. Now, to what period does Revelation date? The probable historical setting of this text is early in the reign of the Roman emperor Trajan, in the first decade of the second century. This late appearance of Satan identified with hostile "Jews" and "pagans" suggests (unless the Gospel writers were unusually clairvoyant) that the Gospels themselves, in the final redacted form in which we have them, were probably produced in this same threatening milieu.

What emerges, then, is an historical

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picture that is radically different from the one proposed by Pagels. The four "lives" of Jesus do indeed reach a climax with his trial and execution; and they do highlight themes of conflict with Jews (though with varying degrees of intensity); and they do contain, perhaps, some subliminal hints of a war between God and Satan. But all these patterns suggest that the Gospel accounts are more likely to be contemporary with the writer of Revelation than some much earlier period. Such a context is also consistent with the after-the-fact prophesies attributed to Jesus in these same Gospels that predict the "future" persecution before Roman governors on the charge of the "name," that is, on the charge of simply being a "Christian" and nothing else. As Pagels herself remarks of her "earliest" Gospel, "In his account of Jesus's courage before his judges, Mark offers Jesus's followers a model of how to act when they are put on trial."

One could not agree more. Surely that is why the typology of persecution and execution was emphasized, if not created, by the Gospel writers. These experiences of adversity had been sporadic and peripheral concerns, it seems, to the nascent Christian groups and their writers. Paul and the Pauline writings are overwhelmingly concerned not with martyrdom and persecution, but with the internal moral regulation of social life within the growing Christian communities. The problem, then, is to specify the period when concentrated attacks on Christians for "the name" became so commonplace and recognizable as to elicit the fearsome and apocalyptic messages of Revelation and the defensive model of trial and execution set by their founder. And that time, surely, was not 70 or the immediate aftermath of the Roman war with the Jews, but the period of more pervasive and deadly assaults on Christian communities in the decades at the end of the first century and the beginning of the second. It is during the years of this critical juncture, in different local contexts, that the disparate and mainly oral traditions concerning the life and death of Jesus were committed to consistent written form.

The picture of the Gospels and their origins that I am proposing has serious implications for the origin, or, as I would prefer, the origins, of Satan. There are at least two Satans or Devils (and a host of helper demons) that have been there from the beginning, that have been called on in different circumstances to play different ideological roles. One of these Satans can represent the "bad" behavior of the individual. In the manichaean moral systems of the time, the specter of this other evil, and its embodied persona, could be hauled out (as Paul does repeatedly) as a cosmic bogeyman to frighten adherents to proper courses of moral behavior. The other Satan was a more transcendent figure whose primary task was "external," who was employed to define the frontiers of the group and to excoriate those outside of it as an impending evil force. This was the Satan who was seen as the larger-than-life figure locked in a cosmic war with God, and who was identified with the terrifying bestial images of the Dragon and the Leviathan. This latter Satan promised not just individual misfortune, but the extermination of the community itself.

With the important revision that the Gospel accounts reflect a complex situation in which Jews and Christians were implicated in the virulent persecutions of the second and third centuries, we can accept that there was indeed a use of Satan to stigmatize "intimate" enemies. But the enemy could be a great deal more "intimate" than sects or heresies:

> Woman, you are the Devil's doorway. You are the one who broke the seal [on the secrets] of the tree. You are the first betrayer of the divine law. You are the one who allured the man whom the Devil was not strong enough to besiege. All too easily you destroyed man, the image of God.

So wrote Tertullian, the great founding father of the Western church, around 200. He was not alone. Nor is this a solitary reference in his influential and voluminous work. Elsewhere Tertullian tells us that "that woman [Eve] contrived a meeting with him [the Devil], and by conversing with him she was touched by his breath and was infected with impatience," but that she could not endure "having met with the Devil alone" and so went on to infect Adam, too, with impatience and death.

Otherness comes in many forms. There are many kinds of "us" and many kinds of "them." This early Christian demonization of women, who are never too many steps removed from the Evil Serpent himself, is pervasive. Tertullian consistently identifies women with Eve, and with Eve's introduction of death to this world as a consequence of her willingness to lend an ear to Satan: "Eve did at all events conceive a child—for the word of the Devil afterwards became seed in her so that she bore a baby as an outcast and gave birth in pain. Indeed, she gave birth to a fratricidal devil." While discoursing on the need of women to cover their

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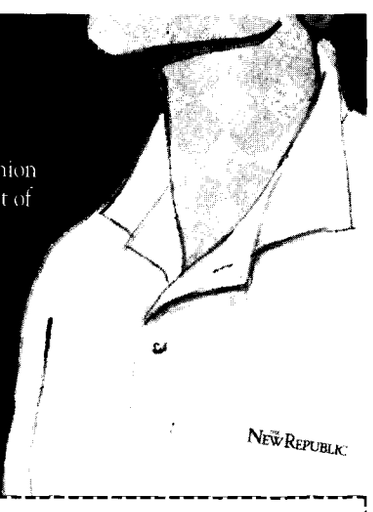

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heads and thereby to preserve their modesty, Tertullian moves directly from the fundamental articles of the Christian faith to the need to enforce certain daily practices.

There are these other points of discipline and custom, he says, which Christians must enforce "since the Devil is ceaselessly working and adding daily to the innovations of evil." Thus the people of God must be constantly on guard against his thousand and one micro-sieges on the body. These subtle ambushes led to the propensity of women to use bodily ornament. This, too, was satanic:

> The rival artist is the Devil. For who else would teach us how to alter the body, but he who by wickedness changed the spirit of man? Whatever is born naturally is the work of God. Obviously then, whatever is added artificially is the work of the Devil. What a wicked thing it is to add to a divine work the inventions of Satan.

The demonization of women is just as significant a contribution of Satan to the configuration of the early Christian community as the labeling of religious opponents. One can point to the great European witch-hunt persecutions of the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries, for instance, to see that its effects were no less terrible. The castigation of "being a woman," moreover, is only one example of the other "deviant" sexualities that were satanized at the same time; and this diabolical program is just as much a part of the origin of Satan, and of his utility to Luther and others in Western Christendom, as the social and moral division that Pagels describes.

The involvement of Satan in these other intimate matters also fits very well with his specific social location. The Devil was firmly embedded in the normative model of everyday life: the family. In a "social history" of Satan, which is what Pagels wishes to provide, it is alarming that she has nothing to say about the social unit in which the Devil is placed. Like God, he is the head of a divine slave-holding family. From the Pauline letters through the Gospels to the writings of the early Church fathers, the power of God is embodied in his position as the lord, the dominus, of his family and its slaves. (All the English translations of the New Testament fudge the harsh language of servitude.) And Satan, too, has his male and female slaves and his followers who, like "the Lord's," are his children, and are related to each other as "brothers" and "sisters." The Devil was an integral part of an explanation of the human world that broke it down into two rival families, their masters, their slaves and kin, who will carry their cosmic vendetta to the bitter apocalyptic end. (It is all very Mediterranean.) The important point is that the "us" and the "them" into which the world was divided was more comprehensive than a simple castigation of the religiously incorrect.

Given Pagels's insistence on the centrality of religious difference in the phenomenon of diabolization, one would suspect that the house of Satan or the domicile of the Devil would be the conventicle of a gnostic set, the house of vile Carpocratian heretics, or at least a synagogue. Not so. Tertullian and his peers do not locate demonized power in such residences or institutions. He is insistent

Body Parts

The new rule was made after surgeons accidentally amputated a man's healthy left foot instead of his diseased right one — Sun Times, March 21, 1995

I'd never held the ashes of a dead man but I'd always wanted to know a famous artist, so I reached out my left hand and she spilled him into my palm. He was flame-white, his flesh dust, he was tiny bones you could play with—they could be doll parts—peaceful in my hand like light. I kept my hand open in case he needed air and I knew it was not the essence of him but nevertheless I whispered: Don't worry, you're safe with me. I whispered: I love your paintings. This happened on the Upper West Side in '89 as the light changed over the Hudson, and that light was in the apartment sliding on floor and walls as we passed a dead man's bones between us, weeping.

Once I spent the summer in Manhattan with a woman whose desires were so unlike mine the air in the kitchen was sweetly skewed. She told me: *Pleasure*, and I bent at the refrigerator choosing the precise onion. I told her: *Juice*, and she stood at the stove removing lemon seeds from basmati. We were perfect as thumbs, we were starved and greedy as shorebirds, dipping down, grabbing our food, devouring it.

Now I've begun to write "NO!" on my body parts, small cross-stitched reminders to throw me back and hook another. Tattoo on my right breast, sticker on my colon, scribble of bright blue between my ovaries, hollowed now of eggs but still handy to balance me out. The day I decide to go I'll erase the no's from my body then disintegrate quickly like any dying fool, you'll see me rising from the shore—equal time lateral time—don't hurry into anything but love.

The man who lives in 4D sleeps above me every night in the same rectangle of space, one floor up, beside the door, our double beds appearing to the gods like open face sandwiches with two chubby figures shifting and rolling in dreams or trooping to the bathroom. Sometimes I watch Tai Chi on cable at 6 am because the man upstairs has jumped so hard from his bed, and sometimes I sleep right through til 9 or 10, his footfalls barely piercing dawn.

MAUREEN SEATON

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on the subject. Tertullian and the other "fathers" are most worried about entertainment. The perverting power over human behavior lay in the power of sight, and in the sense of pleasure (*voluptas*) that this "seeing" induced in spectators. Spectacles, not rival theodicies, were the real threat.

"The devices of popular entertainment are not without the pomp of the Devil nor without the invocation of demons. What, therefore, am I to say about that terrible place ... the amphitheater? It is the temple of all the demons." (The words are Tertullian's, but their modern counterparts are everywhere in America.) The same applies to the wrestling ring: "Wrestling is the Devil's business—it was Satan who first used the 'slam-throw' in pinning men to the ground. Its holds are like those of the snake, twisting and turning, grasping and slithery." The chariot races are nothing other than the Devil's parody of Elijah being swept aloft. Tertullian hammers out his frustrations:

> If we have established our point that the spectacles, every one of them, has been created for the Devil's sake, and equipped from the Devil's resources—for everything which does not belong to God or displeases him is of the Devil—why is it that we still enjoy all of the pomp of the Devil which we swear to abjure when we are baptized?

It was the amphitheater and the theater that had become the "Church of the Devil" (*ecclesia diaboli*). It was here, as Tertullian writes in his treatise *On Spectacles*, that the Devil dripped his deadly venom into sinful eyes and ears. In no other work by Tertullian does the Devil or Satan and his demons appear so frequently or so ferociously. Tertullian tells the story of a woman who went to the theater and returned home possessed by a demon. When the unclean spirit was exorcised from her, and was confronted with the fact that he had entered a Christian woman, he retorted: "I was quite right to do so. I found her in my place."

All of this Pagels ignores, apparently distracted from the banality of the Devil's evil by the pyrotechnics of sectarian dramas and theological disputes. And yet this banality is plain in page after page of Tertullian and the other early Church writers who follow the line established in the Pauline letters. Tertullian's use of the Devil is especially telling. He was, after all, a minor heretic himself and viciously took the side of "right thinking" against gnostics, Valentinians and Marcionites, pagans and Pythagoreans, and dozens of other dangerous men of error. But Satan appears rather rarely in these jeremiads against the "other" Christians and polytheists. The fear of the Lord of Darkness and his hordes, of his lying and his deception and his contortion of the natural into the unnatural, of the lakes of liquefying fire that were his end, was designed to induce good behavior, personal discipline. The Devil was first and foremost a moralist's instrument.

In their devotion to their one God, the Christians remorselessly propagated one big idea that was always exposed to one big objection. Even the dullest pagan philosopher saw that the Christians really had two divinities, and that one of them was Satan. But what was the relationship between the two powers, and what was their relationship to us? Was it always a matter of great cosmic war? However much Pagels might adduce extracanonical texts of the Christian and Jewish tradition, the so-called "false writings" (pseudepigrapha) and "secret writings" (apocrypha), to substantiate the idea of Satan as a grand cosmic deity engaged in a universal war with his better half, the problem is that there are just as many of these writings that point in a more mundane direction—in the direction of a personal Satan who contests with us as individuals.

One of my favorites of these extracanonical texts is a first- or second-century sacred document called *The Testament of Job*. It is so mixed in its composition and its patrimony that it could be either Jewish or Christian: a useful hybrid. It is a replay of the Book of Job, but the new spins on the Old Testament text are interesting. Its dramatis personae are Job and Satan or the Devil (as he is variously called). The context of the text is precisely the sort of conflict engendered by proselytizing for new adherents as is envisaged by Pagels for the Gospels. Unlike Pagels's vicious ethnic labeler, however, this Satan preys on individual souls and engages in a one-on-one struggle for the soul of a man and his family. The plot begins with Job and a gang of his men vandalizing the shrine of a "pagan" deity allied to Satan, thereby setting the stage as a struggle for the loyalty of particular souls; and Job wins the ensuing contest by demonstrating a massive personal endurance over the sufferings that Satan, with God's permission, visits upon him.

It is this individual confrontation that seems to have been the normative picture in the minds of believers of the time. The same image of Satan is evoked, for example, in the dream of the Christian woman Perpetua, executed in the arena at Carthage in 203, where her struggle with the Devil is seen as a one-on-one combat, explicitly likened to the individual contest of a professional wrestler or gladiator. Here, again, the quotidian nature of the satanic threat is clear. And the battle for the fate of a soul has as much grandeur as the battle for a society: the athletic or gladiatorial "opponent" (as the Devil is frequently called) is just as intimate and just as deadly.

It is hard, but it is necessary, to evoke these ordinary experiences of the Devil without lapsing into a Stephen King-like luridness. For Christians entered into a world of sensations and obligations that was forever terrorized by demonic forces that were vividly felt. These forces were tilted for a lifetime against the lonely defenses of the individual psyche. Thus Martin Luther personally confronted his arch-adversary at Wartburg Castle and, having failed to route the enemy by hurling inkwells and Lutheran doctrine at him, he finally succeeded in blowing Satan away "with a mighty anal blast" (*mit einem grossen Furz*). The Devil returned the volley and, it is reported, "left traces of a foul odor in the room for several days afterwards." The battle was still one-on-one.

Does the Lord of Darkness read scholarly books? I hope not. If I were Satan, Prince of Demons, Chief of the Fallen Angels, Arch Liar and Deceiver, Deformer of all Nature, I would feel rather disappointed by all these sociological

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descriptions of Myself, who am the Rival of God. Being reduced to the ghost of a social scientist's functionalist explanation is a paltry and insulting fate. For Satan's utility in sectarian struggle has been a small part of his existence. What has kept Satan central, in reality, is his pivotal position in the symbolic world-picture of hundreds of millions of Christians in their day-to-day struggles to be moral persons.

There has always been a "normal" version of Satan and a "crisis" version of Satan. Each has been enlisted in the service of the moral and social balance of Western culture over two millennia. Which version predominates, however, tells us more about our own predicament than about the sad creature onto whom we have dumped all the evil that is bound to happen in a human world. It is we who insist that human evil must be understood and explained, but always in someone else's name.

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Second Thoughts

BY EDMUND S. MORGAN

More Letters from the American Farmer: An Edition of the Essays in English Left Unpublished by Crèvecoeur edited by Dennis D. Moore

(University of Georgia Press, 490 pp., $75)

In 1782, as the war for American independence was winding down, there appeared in London a little book called *Letters from an American Farmer.* It enjoyed an immediate popularity, and within two years it was reprinted not only in London but in Dublin, Belfast, Philadelphia and in German and Dutch translations in Leipzig and Leyden. It is still in print and a staple of college courses in American literature. The author, listed on the title page as J. Hector St. John, was born Michel-Guillaume Jean de Crèvecoeur in Normandy in 1735. He came to America in 1755 with the French army that ultimately surrendered Canada to the British, and he remained behind with the former enemy.

Working as a surveyor, he had traveled through most of the British Colonies and even the Ohio Valley, settling finally in New York, where he was naturalized as a citizen in 1765. Four years later he married Mehetable Tippet, daughter of an old Westchester family, and started a substantial farm or "plantation" in Orange County, about fifteen miles west of the Hudson. He wrote his book in English, which had become more familiar to him than French, and though he wrote in a style that was turgid even for the eighteenth century, his words show a convincing familiarity not only with things that a farmer has to know and do, but also with the native trees and shrubs and wildlife that mark the American landscape. Thus he had good credentials to speak as an American farmer and to raise and answer the question that has given his book so lasting an interest. The question is, What is an American?

Crèvecoeur's answer to the question was flattering to Americans of his own day; and it still reverberates in a society that has never stopped asking the same question of itself. The American, Crèvecoeur said, was a new man. What distinguished him from the Europeans whom he left behind was his response to the freedom and the opportunity presented to him in a continent where he paid no oppressive taxes or rents to support a tyrannizing monarchy, a parasitic aristocracy and an overpaid and pretentious clergy. Nearly all Americans, he said, were farmers, and there was plenty of land for them to farm. It was not easy: the land had to be cleared, swamps had to be drained, roads had to be built. There were the lazy and shiftless here as everywhere, who generally made their way to the frontiers where they could subsist by hunting and by cheating the Indians. But these lazy pioneers served a purpose: gradually they pushed back the forest. "Thus are our first steps trod, thus are our first trees felled, in general, by the most vicious of our people; and thus the path is opened for the arrival of a second and better class, the true American freeholders."

The image of these true American freeholders, whom Crèvecoeur celebrates throughout the book, was drawn, at least in part, from life. Crèvecoeur is at his best in describing the details of their daily tasks, their industriousness, their sobriety, their ingenuity in making do with what they have in the isolation of their farms, distant from the luxuries of civilization. And he celebrates their readiness to continue working with their hands side by side with their servants and yes, with their slaves, after their unrelenting efforts have furnished them with a prosperity they could never have dreamed of in the old world.

The idyllic picture that Crèvecoeur paints is also drawn, however, from a Rousseauian view of nature's noblemen. His true freeholders are a little too good to be true, a little too untutored in the ways of the world, a little too free from the restraints of any former habits. They lose, a little too easily, their attachment to any national prejudices that they have brought with them, and as they "are melted into a new race of men" they also lose their attachment to any particular sect. Indeed, they have an indifference to religion that would have pleased—and was perhaps designed in Crèvecoeur's mind to please—the Abbé Raynal, to whom the book was dedicated. In Americans, Crèvecoeur insisted,

> the name of Englishman, Frenchman, and European is lost, and in like manner, the strict modes of Christianity as practiced in Europe are lost.... Thus all sects are mixed as well as all nations; thus religious indifference is imperceptibly disseminated from one end of the continent to the other; which is at present one of the strongest characteristics of the Americans.

Crèvecoeur was writing, of course, before the great religious revival that began in 1800 and swept Americans into a multitude of rival churches and also before his new race of men declared their independence of the old world from whose "haughty mansions" and "hostile castles" they had already escaped. Only in the last chapter did Crèvecoeur present the anguish of a frontiersman (a good one, on his way to becoming a true freeholder) torn between loyalty to the old Colonial government under which he had prospered and the new political order whose measures were yet untried.

Any would-be Americans reading his book in Belfast or Dublin or Leyden could not have known that what Crèvecoeur published was only the first of three volumes he had written about life in America, nor would they have guessed that he had fled in disgust

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from the land he celebrated, a disgust amply detailed in the volumes he refrained from publishing. Those volumes, now in the Library of Congress, remained unpublished until the present century. In 1925 most of their contents appeared under the title *Sketches of Eighteenth-Century America: More "Letters from an American Farmer,"* edited by Henri L. Bourdin, Ralph H. Gabriel and Stanley T. Williams. The editors acknowledged that they had "not attempted to reproduce exactly the manuscript of Crèvecoeur." Now Dennis D. Moore has produced a volume that "does attempt to do so" with a reverence for the text that obliges him to reproduce every error, erasure, correction, revision, interlineation and even to note blots, smears, check marks and hyphens. He has included, of course, every passage omitted in the 1925 edition, including five complete essays or "letters" that the earlier editors thought of insufficient interest to print.

The result is a text of impeccable accuracy, insofar (not very far) as manuscripts can ever be accurately replicated in print, but at the cost of making it almost as difficult to decipher as the handwriting it represents. This solemn presentation in print of an author's mistakes and slips of the pen along with his corrections of them, though now widely in vogue among textual purists, implies a literary or historical significance that Crèvecoeur does not possess. The man to be extracted from the scholarly apparatus with which he is loaded here is no genius, nor does his mode of composition in these pieces, so painfully preserved, show us a man markedly different from the one we learned of in the admittedly flawed and incomplete edition of 1925. But he is certainly a very different man from the one who enchanted Europeans and pleased Americans with themselves in 1782.

A few of the essays Crèvecoeur held back in 1782 contain the charming accounts of daily life that he did so well, including a graphic description of the terrors of the mosquito season in the North, as experienced during a trip on Lake Champlain:

> I was obliged to exert all my faculties in order to deffend myself against these Enormous swarm of ennemies; I dared not open my Eyes and with great difficulty crawled again to my boat, nor did they quit me untill Several Miles from the shores—who cou'd possibly Live there—the Lands of Ancient Eden wou'd not Tempt me to dwell among so many bloody thirsty Insects, which seem to be hatched meerly to Tease the rest of the Creation.

But the majority of them deal with the tribulations that the Revolutionary War brought to his true freeholders, who in Crèvecoeur's view seem all to have remained neutral or loyalist. One of the longest letters, fifty pages in the Moore edition, deals with the so-called Wyoming Massacre, in which the settlers on the Susquehanna River lost their lives and possessions in an Indian raid led by British officers.

But most of the essays recount the persecution of Americans by Americans, the sufferings of the industrious, successful men who had hitherto led their neighbors in every good deed, now subjected to "Low Illiterate Little Tyrants" who had seized control under the aegis of the Continental Congress. Anyone not in favor of the Revolution was automatically considered a Tory, to be tarred and feathered or assassinated, his estate to be burned or seized by the ungrateful neighbors whom he had formerly befriended and assisted, barbarians who confiscated even the books they could not read. The trouble came, as might be expected, not only from the shiftless frontiersmen of the West but more dangerously from the "pretended Saints" of the East, the Bostonians "perpetually brawling about Liberty without Knowing what it was."

It was astonishing what a "Sudden Metamorphosis" these self-designated patriots had been able to produce in hitherto sane people:

> what art what insidious Measure what deep Laid Policy what Masses of Intricate Captious Delusion were not Necessary to persuade a People happy beyond any on Earth, in the Zenith of Political felicity Receiving from Nature every benefit she cou'd confer, enjoying from Government, every advantage it cou'd confer, that they were Miserable oppressed and aggriev'd, that slavery and Tyranny wood Rush upon them from the Very sources which before had conveyed them so Many blessings.

Americans had suddenly become a different species of "new men," who crushed all liberty in the name of a doctrinaire equality. In the 1782 volume, Crèvecoeur had rejoiced that "the rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe." But here he discovered that "there can be no True Freedom where there is too great an Equality," and the action of the newly independent states looked "more like the revenge of the Plebeyans suddenly Exalted than the Cool and Judicious operation of a wise Government."

Crèvecoeur himself was a victim of the plebeian revenge. In 1779 he had fled from his formerly thriving acres to the British lines in New York City and from thence in 1781 back to his native Normandy by way of London. It was while in London that he arranged for the publication of the volume he had written before the Revolution disillusioned him, the volume for which he is still generally known. Why, then, did a loyalist present to a British audience in 1782 so flattering a picture of the Americans and keep back his report of the atrocities that had sent him and other loyalists flying to England? By his own account in the two withheld volumes, the true American freeholders had been destroyed and replaced by a crowd of hypocritical thugs.

The puzzle grows in one of the first letters he wrote after his arrival in France. Dated August 28, 1781, long before Yorktown ended the War, it is addressed to Benjamin Franklin, then the American representative in Paris. It describes the assistance Crèvecoeur has given to five American sailors who had escaped to Normandy from an English prison and suggests that an American consul should be appointed to help other such refugees from the British. Crèvecoeur would be happy to serve in such a capacity himself "without either fee or Reward, glad on the contrary as a good Frenchman and as a good American to contribute my Mite towards the Success of this grand this useful revolution."

Between his arrival in New York in February 1779, and in London early in 1781, Crèvecoeur apparently changed his mind about the Revolution and even about the people running it. The only explanation seems to lie in a disenchantment with the British, who had mistakenly imprisoned him as a spy during his stay in New York. Whatever the reason, he never changed his mind back again. In France he became immersed and lionized in the circle of "philosophes" who graced the Parisian salon of his Normandy neighbor, Madame d'Houdetot, the famous friend of Franklin. Through her influence he was appointed, not an American consul in France, but the French consul in New York, a position he held from 1783 to 1790.

Although he never returned to the life of a farmer, he translated into French his already published English volume, expanding it first to two volumes in 1784 and to three in 1787. The expansion, even more turgid in French than it had been in English, made use only of snatches culled from the two unpublished volumes that he had carried with him from America, carefully omitting any strictures on the Revolution. Instead he included eulogies of Washington and

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Franklin and anecdotes he had sought from various people showing the "brave resistance of the Americans." "The late rivolution," he told Ezra Stiles, the president of Yale, "is an object so Interesting to humanity in General, that not the least Feature of it ought to be lost." Privately he worried, like many other Americans, about the possible dissolution of the union, rejoiced at the Constitution of 1787, and feared that failure to adopt it would turn the country into a "scene of anarchy and confusion."

In the end he returned to France, where he rode out that Revolution and nourished at a distance his dream of an America where peace and prosperity could flourish unhampered by priests and kings. With each edition the picture became more idealized, less and less the product of his own experience.

> Ah! If the earth had been given to men, with all the charms of the morning, without disastrous storms, without frightening meteorites, without earthquakes, without drought; always ready to reward our labors, she would have been the tenderest of mothers, and we the happiest of children: but this felicity, like all others, lasts only for a brief interval: the same sun which has scarcely touched us with its rays, scarcely warmed us, will burn us as soon as it reaches its meridian—Before the star of the day has completed half its course, its heat drives birds to the woods, and farmers to their houses; then I retire to the bower of my garden: it is the abode of rest and of a voluptuous inactivity;—it is also the temple of the contemplative spirit.

Though it became twice as long as the English edition, the French one has never been translated into English. (Neither, for that matter, has the best study of Crèvecoeur, Howard Rice's *Le Cultivateur American, Etude sur l'Ouvre de Saint John De Crèvecoeur*, which appeared in Paris in 1933.) Crèvecoeur chose not to destroy the writings that would have marred the image that he cultivated of a country as he wanted it to be, but he probably would not be pleased by the zeal of the scholars who have made those writings known in an America where many still cherish his dream against greater odds than he could have foreseen.

The dream is now still more distant from the reality, and the current fashion among intellectuals is to move it yet further away. The melting of different nationalities and ethnic groups "into a new race of men" is replaced by the demand for the preservation of diversity. The traditional cultural heritage of the United States, once the standard fare of American school children, gives way to lessons perpetuating the pride of America's diverse peoples in the diverse cultures from which they came. At the same time religion, always the most divisive force in human history, begins to become as powerful and as divisive among Americans as it ever was in the Europe that Crèvecoeur contrasted to his America. "What, then, is the American, this new man?" he asked. It is harder to give an answer today than it was then. But even Crèvecoeur, who thought he knew, had to hide a good deal of what else he knew in order to answer the question. What he hid is now again brought forward, a sobering counterpoint to any wishful thinking that the enthusiastic Americanism of his more familiar work may still induce.

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Die Hard

BY LAWRENCE STONE

The London Hanged: Crime and Civil Society in the Eighteenth Century by Peter Linebaugh

(Cambridge University Press, 511 pp., $49.95)

The Hanging Tree: Execution and the English People 1770-1868 by V.A.C. Gatrell

(Oxford University Press, 656 pp., $35)

For at least 300 years, the death penalty has been the subject of intense and passionate debate in the Western World. It arouses the same violent sentiments as do abortion or homosexuality, and there have been few who have been able to approach it with cool objectivity. Every now and then, societies become gripped by fear of violent crime, which is perceived, rightly or wrongly, to be threatening their persons, their homes and their freedom to go about in the streets. Then, usually after the real danger has already begun to subside, there is an impassioned public demand to increase the penalties for crime. Nowadays this means reinstating the death penalty for murder in countries, such as America, where it has been almost abolished and extending the amount of time spent in prison, often to life, by repeat perpetrators of crimes of violence. In the end the excitement dies down, and things return to normal.

The story of how the death penalty was handled in England a couple of centuries ago provides an illuminating, if chastening, example of the history of one such cycle. Unfortunately, neither of the authors of these two books even aspires to objectivity. V.A.C. Gatrell's book is primarily based on an extensive reading of the pathetic, but often successful, petitions for mitigation of death sentences that came before the Home Office—an experience that deeply upset him. He freely admits that "my writing reflects emotions," which is not the way of working conventionally recommended in academic circles. And Peter Linebaugh is an old-fashioned Marxist who makes no secret of his belief that it is the evils of capitalism that cause most of the misery in this world.

Linebaugh sees the eighteenth century as a period of intensification in the class war, as early capitalism and industrialization profoundly exacerbated the relationship between rich and poor. He regards the revival of capital punishment in the United States as evidence of an intensifying crisis of capitalism and a class war. When faced with awkward statistics about punishment, Linebaugh turns a blind eye to their obvious meaning. Thus he points out that at a typical session at the Old Bailey (the Criminal Court for London) in 1715, fifty-seven were indicted for crimes that carried the death penalty. Of these, twenty-five were acquitted and thirty-two found guilty. But only six of the thirty-two were hanged; and as for the rest, eight were whipped, one was put in the pillory and seventeen branded on the hand. The conclusion is surely that

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savage law differed dramatically from merciful practice. Instead, Linebaugh claims that this outcome is evidence of "The Crisis of Thanatocracy."

He is right, however, on two points. Hangings, which were said to be more common in England than anywhere else in Europe, were regarded as the only protection of person and property in a society so dedicated to liberty that it refused the aid of that French humane killing machine, the guillotine. And there is no doubt that the leaders of the forces of law and order are always drawn from the propertied classes and most of those who find themselves indicted in court for some form of felonious predation of other people's property are drawn from the poor. In societies at an early stage of evolution, when the state is not yet powerful or rich enough to pay for lengthy incarceration as a normal form of punishment, the options in sentencing are few. If the criminal has no money, only his body is available for punishment by flogging, torture, mutilation or execution.

In this respect, eighteenth-century England was an exception to the rule, for it discovered another option: transporting convicts to its southern American Colonies, mostly Maryland. It was robbed of this alternative at the beginning of the War of Independence, and the eventual substitute was Australia, a penal colony so far away that the chances of ever returning were virtually nil. It was like being condemned to life on Mars. As the state became richer and more powerful in the late eighteenth century, punishment by imprisonment became a possible alternative; and reformers such as Bentham claimed incarceration to be more humane and more effective in rehabilitation than any other punishment.

A trial in an eighteenth-century criminal courtroom was radically different from one today. There were virtually no lawyers present. Before 1730, the defendant was even denied counsel. The judge often bullied the jury; and the trial and the sentence were very swift. Most trials involving the death penalty were concluded in less than half an hour, and the jury often did not bother to leave the box before passing a verdict. And finally, the death penalty was applied to many offenses against property, as well as to murder.

Still, there were various protections for the accused built into the system. Although theft of expensive property was punishable by death, the jury was free to put its own valuation on the stolen goods. And juries often ignored the evidence in order to put it below the cut-off point for the death penalty, thus de facto saving the accused from hanging. Second, after the sentence to death, time was allowed for the convict to appeal for pardon or mercy to the King in Council. These appeals might be supported by the judge, if he had doubts that the jury had voted correctly; by local dignitaries; and by large or small groups of friends, neighbors or employees, all testifying to the good reputation of the accused and pleading for transportation rather than hanging. The King in Council was supposed to read all appeals personally, although in fact the Home Secretary ran the proceedings. Peel was shocked to find in 1820 that George IV, the new King and the former Prince Regent, was inclined to pardon all petitioners, and he had to be persuaded to send at least the worst of the murderers to the gallows. After this, the King mostly slept by the fireside during the brief discussions of the many cases.

Responding to a perception, probably a false perception, of a rising crime wave after 1690, Parliament in the early eighteenth century made the death penalty more harsh by ordering that after hanging all bodies were to be taken away by the surgeons in order to practice public dissection. Friends and relatives of the hanged, who regarded this as peculiarly shameful, sometimes staged a riot to capture the dead body and carry it off for a Christian burial. After 1690, Parliament also passed more than 100 bills extending the death penalty to crimes against property. At the same time, however, there was an equally remarkable decline in the number of hangings. This contrast was contrived thanks to the more merciful attitude often taken by juries and by the more and more frequent commutations of death to transportation by the King and Council. The motivation behind this decline of hanging is still hotly contested. The traditional "whig" view is that support for hanging, fueled by a perception of an increase of violent crime, was replaced by an Enlightenment-inspired growth of humanitarianism and also by a growth of sentiment, encouraged by Romanticism.

The facts are clear. In the seventeenth century, the last witch was hanged in England, the last heretic was burned, and the last wife who killed her husband was burned without previously being strangled. In the eighteenth century, fewer were hanged, and more were transported or imprisoned, while protests increased about the "bloody code," thanks to which England led Europe in the number of executions per capita. As one early reformer put it, two atrocities—murder and hanging—do not cancel one another out. The same group that was now campaigning against the slave trade was also seeking reform of capital punishment laws. This society simply could not tolerate the huge increase of hangings that would have resulted from a strict enforcement of the parliamentary legislation to protect property. It was felt that the death penalty should be reserved for a few atrocious crimes, such as murder or treason. At the same time, the propertied classes undoubtedly grew more squeamish. They may have had little or no sympathy for the condemned, but they felt uneasy about the process of parading them through the streets and then subjecting them to death by slow strangulation, a process that often took up to fifteen minutes or more.

Another explanation is that the court machinery became so overloaded by the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that 90 percent of those sentenced to death had to be transported to Australia instead of hanged. This appears to be the view of Gatrell, who also thinks that public opinion was becoming more squeamish but not more humanitarian. The reformers were horrified by the fact that in the eighteenth-century hangings had developed into vast drunken, disorderly, semi-riotous carnival proceedings in which huge mobs of up to 4,000 people sometimes took control of the show. Many were so curious to see the execution that they had set off the day before so as to get a good view. They caroused all night and by the following morning were an inebriated horde, giving offense to the new evangelical moral piety.

There is overwhelming evidence that the intended exhibition of state power at its most awful was often wholly undermined by this carnival atmosphere. The mob turned the world upside down with their riotous behavior, often siding with the victim. Gatrell argues that "the scaffold image was about death, justice, power and retribution, however subordinated to the ambient detail." But it was not respect for state power that moved a drunken crowd. Nor, for that matter, was this the cause for the compulsive attendance at hangings of many upper-class men like Boswell, who could not keep away from such psychologically exciting spectacles. Numbers of the elite were fascinated by the spectacle of death, despite—or because of—the horror of slow strangulation, the legs kicking, the victim urinating, defecating and screaming, while his friends and the executor hung on to his legs to speed the process. The elite were comforted in

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their minds by the thought that "men are not hanged for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen." "O, restrain compassion," cried Wordsworth in 1829, his reactionary period.

At all events, the number of hangings declined. The public processions to the gallows were abandoned in 1783, and in 1868, the Whig authorities finally shifted the gallows from a public space to the solitary confines of a prison. This last might have been a shrewd move by conservatives to pacify the squeamish while maintaining the penalty. It is certainly doubtful whether this new secrecy was a favor to the hanged, who before had been given the opportunity to display their bravery in the long procession from Newgate Prison to the gallows at Tyburn and by a speech at the execution itself. This enabled them to get drunk and put on a show, which braced them for the inevitable. In 1783, Dr. Johnson criticized the cancellation of the procession on two grounds: "the public was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it, especially when the mob were vocally on his side."

By the early nineteenth century, 90 to 95 percent of all petitioners for mercy were successful, leaving the condemned to be transported to Australia instead of hanged. In the 1830s the Whigs at last came back to power, full of reforming zeal. They were determined to abolish all the old penal laws and to reserve the death penalty primarily for the crime of murder. Such was the shift of sentiment that even clearly proven infanticide did not now automatically bring a death sentence. Juries mostly tended to acquit the poor desperate mothers, very often domestic servants who had been seduced by their employer or a fellow servant. The show of evidence of an intention to give birth, such as a collection of clothes for the baby, would suffice for an acquittal, on the grounds that the deed was done under extreme psychological stress, rather than as part of a premeditated plan.

Meanwhile, publicity about particularly atrocious crimes, especially murders, attracted increased attention from the news media. Trials at the Old Bailey were reported verbatim. The clergyman at Newgate Prison published the lives of the guilty, and the condemned men's last speeches were rushed into print, sometimes appearing for sale in the street before the speech and execution had taken place. The scale of the media, and the fascination with sensational trials, both grew together in the eighteenth century, the one feeding off the other.

There is ample statistical evidence of changes in the amount of homicide, violence and property crime during the eighteenth century: they declined in time of war, when so many young males were occupied in service in the military, and they rose sharply after every peace. This was true of all the wars throughout the eighteenth century, and elite society always responded to the postwar crime waves by concluding that this was the time, especially in London, to make sentences more severe and to increase the number executed, both for murder and for property crimes. The 1790s were a period of great social tension in England, and it is no coincidence that indictments, convictions and death sentences all shot up, even if hangings did not. The propertied classes, alarmed by the French Revolution, believed that "the spirit of the times requires severity." Only very slowly was it realized during the early nineteenth century that the rise and fall of property crime was governed not by fear of death by hanging so much as by the rise and fall of poverty and unemployment. Thus the death penalty was de facto largely limited to murder after the 1830s.

This failed attempt to reduce crime by the death penalty is precisely the same cycle that is about to repeat itself in America, under very much less promising legal and financial circumstances. It now takes eight years or more to move a convict from the sentence to the death chamber, so that it costs a small fortune in legal fees to execute a murderer. It is safe to predict that sooner or later the public will become unwilling to pay the price. In any case, the revival of the death penalty comes at a time when the violent crime and homicide rates are already leveling off, for reasons that are far from clear. The United States already has one of the highest rates of death sentences per capita in the Western world, and it is the one with the largest proportion of its population in prison. Years down the road, the panic will die down, prisoners for life will be freed when over a certain age, the death penalty will be abolished again and Americans will wonder why they were frightened into such a self-defeating way of handling a serious crime wave. The futile cycle of eighteenth-century England will be repeated all over again.

LAWRENCE STONE is the author most recently of *Broken Lives: Separation and Divorce in England 1660-1857* (Oxford University Press).

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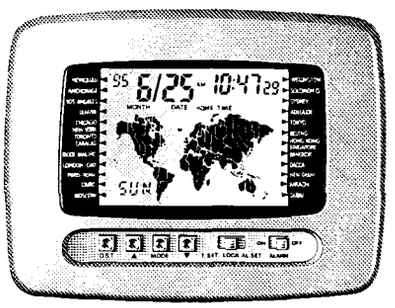

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FORT DRUM DIARIST

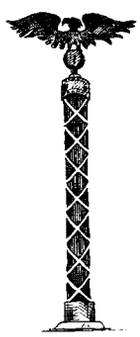
Military music

WHEN 99 PERCENT OF AMERICAN citizens adapted their daily schedule to accommodate the live broadcast of the O.J. trial, I, though a resident alien in America, resisted. I hadn't given in to the Baby M., Rodney King or Tonya Harding manias, and I saw no reason to change now. Little did I know that I would spend several months totally immersed in another trial: the court martial in Fort Drum, New York, of a counterintelligence officer at the 10th Mountain Division, Captain Lawrence P. Rockwood.

LAST SEPTEMBER, CAPTAIN ROCKwood arrived in Haiti as part of the multinational forces whose explicit goal, as announced by President Clinton, was to "stop brutal atrocities" in that country. Soon after, he tried to interest his superiors in stopping human rights violations in Haitian jails. After one week, having received only yawns and shrugged shoulders in response, he went on his own and carried out an unauthorized inspection of the Port-au-Prince penitentiary. This time the army reacted swiftly: it dispatched to the prison a U.S. military attaché who ordered Rockwood out; the captain then had his rights read and was sent back to the States. Five charges were brought against him. Four were discipline-related: failure to be at his appointed place of duty and leaving it without authorization; disrespect; disobedience; and traveling without an escort. The fifth was the all-encompassing Article 133: "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS BACK IN MY native Poland, my dissident friends were often accused by the Communists of being in the pay of U.S. intelligence or counterintelligence. So, before I met Rockwood in January, I had anticipated the devil incarnate. But he didn't fit the satanic image the commissars had painted: bespectacled and slightly chubby, with a baby face, he had chipped front teeth and a great, self-deprecating sense of humor. Expecting a jail sentence, he announced with a mixture of braggadocio and goofiness that he would probably be the first person to go to prison for having gone to prison. Before the trial started I got to know him very well, so well in fact that I could no longer be deemed an objective reporter. Addicts of the O.J. trial boast about its "instructive value"; for me the court martial of Captain Rockwood, which lasted for eight days in May, twelve to fourteen hours a session, was a crash course in military justice.

THE LESSONS STARTED EARLY. Rockwood, before carrying out his prison inspection, had filed a complaint against his commander, General David C. Meade, with the inspector general of the 10th Mountain Division. By the time the trial started, the *Army* inspector general had begun to investigate whether Meade had "failed to address alleged human rights violations at the national penitentiary and other Haitian confinement facilities." And concerns about Meade had reached even higher levels: Representative Dan Burton, the head of the Western Hemisphere subcommittee, wrote Defense Secretary William Perry on April 26, asking him such questions as, "Why did Captain Rockwood's superiors ignore his repeated and strenuous efforts to get them to investigate the prison?" (A week later, Burton held hearings at which Rockwood testified.) Yet, despite Meade's personal stake in the matter, he was the convening authority in Rockwood's court martial. On top of that, Meade chose the twelve members of the panel even though he was in charge of either writing or reviewing the military performance evaluations of almost all of them. This is when I learned what "command influence" means.



THE FIRST SURPRISE CAME ON DAY one of the court martial. The prosecution suggested it would like to drop the fifth charge listed, the one alleging "conduct unbecoming," in an effort to prevent Rockwood from defending himself with an overarching justification of his actions. The defense was outraged: "Objection, your honor." (Objection sustained, charge maintained, defense happy.) Then came a skirmish over the usage of semicolons in the written charge. The prosecution realized that, for tactical purposes, it should have used commas; the semicolons played to Rockwood's advantage, since the jurors, when striking passages from the charge, had to remove larger chunks, stretching from one semicolon to the next, rather than shorter phrases offset by commas. I hadn't seen such attention paid to semicolons since Nabokov's lecture on *Madame Bovary*.

THESE LESSONS IN LEGAL GRAMmar faded as we moved into day three. The star of this matinee was Major Spencer Lane, the U.S. military attaché in Port-au-Prince. According to Lane's testimony, Rockwood had said that his superiors all the way up to President Clinton were "chickenshit." When pressed by the defense, Lane backed off the exact words he was attributing to Rockwood but maintained that they were of "equal vulgarity." Since, for legal purposes, this qualified as a rather vague statement, the judge, with a straight face, asked Lane to elaborate upon his personal scale of vulgarity. As Lane explained his own rating system, "shit" constituted a one, i.e. the lower end, with "fuck" being a ten. (I've never heard Rockwood use anything much worse than "heavens to Mergatroyd." And it's not likely he has been guarding himself around a lady, as I'm no shrinking violet.)

ON THE LAST DAY OF TESTimony, we had William Hayes Parks, the expert witness for the government, a lawyer from the Pentagon and former officer. His performance, too, helped illuminate the character of military trials. For starters, when the quasi-sequestered jury sat in the deliberation room, Parks joined them on two occasions, socializing freely. (Such contact wasn't explicitly forbidden only because it would never occur to anyone to treat the deliberation room like a public cafeteria.) When caught *in flagrante delicto* by your intrepid TNR writer and then questioned by Rockwood's lawyer, Parks acted as though a government witness taking coffee with jurors were the most innocent activity in the world. Exerting influence or pressure was the furthest thing from his mind, he averred, professing shock that anyone might suspect such motives. Parks said he adopted "very professional" behavior with the jurors, but he did not explain whether theirs was a coffee-sipper-to-coffee-sipper kind of interaction, or a high-Pentagon-official-to-possible-future-Pentagon-employees one.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, ROCKWOOD was found guilty on four charges. He faces dismissal from the Army, but no prison time. Ordinarily, General Meade would be charged with reviewing this sentence. But, in the first week of July, he is slated for a premature retirement. Rockwood doubts that all the credit for this unscheduled departure, however, should go to him. For my part, I am grateful to General Meade for making it so clear to me what Georges Clemençeau meant when he said "Military justice is to justice what military music is to music."

ANNA HUSARSKA

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The computer kid. While most University of Texas freshmen were hanging out at the student union, he was back at the dorm. Hatching plans for an all out assault on the powerful computer industry. His strategy was shockingly simple. Yet revolutionary at the time. Cut out the high priced dealers. Sell customized PCs directly to the people. At prices well below retail. With $1,000 in savings he formed *Dell Computer* in 1984 Today, it's a $3 billion global business. And he's the longest tenured CEO in the PC industry. At the ripe old age of thirty. **Michael Dell borrowed his first copy of Forbes from his mother in 1978.**

Forbes
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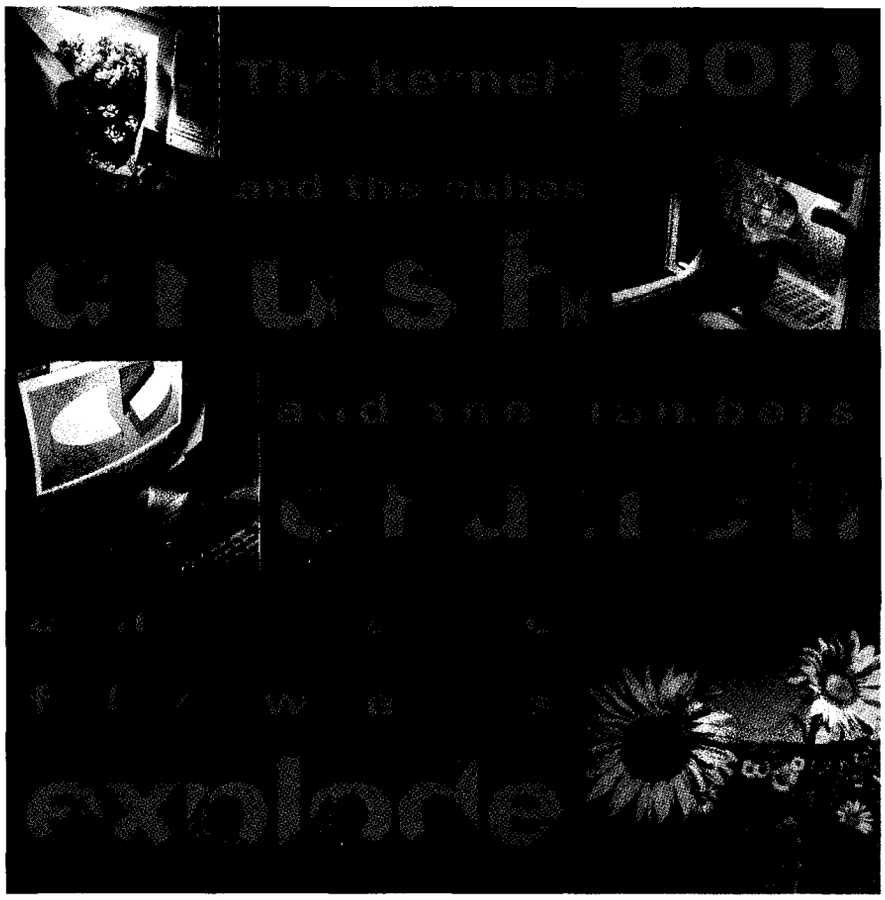

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